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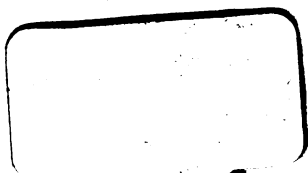
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THE

# SPECTATOR.

BY

ADDISON,  
STEELE,  
PARNELL,  
HUGHES,  
PARKER,



TICKELL,  
BUDGELL,  
GROVE,  
BYRON,  
HENLEY,

AND OTHERS.

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IN TEN VOLUMES.

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VOLUME IV.



**NEW-YORK:**

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*George Long, Printer.*

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1810.

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NEW JERSEY



THE  
SPECTATOR.

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No. 187. THURSDAY, October 4, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Miseri quibus  
Intentata nites*

HOR. OD. 5. l. 1. v. 12.

Ah, wretched those who love, yet ne'er did try  
The smiling treachery of thy eye! CREECH.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we ordinarily call jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful work, than the consideration of these dangerous animals. The coquette is indeed one degree towards the jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that advantage a certain de-



light in being a torment to others. Thus when her lover is in the full expectation of success, the jilt shall meet him with a sudden indifference, and admiration in her face at his being surprised that he is received like a stranger, and a cast of her head another way, with a pleasant scorn of the fellow's insolence. It is very probable the lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his scrutoir, sends her word, in the most abject terms, that he knows not what he has done; that all which was desirable in this life is so suddenly vanished from him; that the charmer of his soul should withdraw the vital heat from the heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful absence for some time, pining in secret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a resolution to try his fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartment with a thousand inquietudes, and doubts in what manner he shall meet the first cast of her eye; when upon his first appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his absence, and treats him with a familiarity as surprising as her former coldness. This good correspondence continues till the lady observes the lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new inconsistency of behaviour. For (as I just now said) the happiness of a jilt consists only in the power of making others uneasy. But such is the folly of this sect of women, that they carry on this pretty skittish behaviour till they have no charms left to render it supportable. Corinna, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false glances, and little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray some inclination towards the man she would in-

snare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the jilt in her constitution, by laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in love with her, till they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

“As for my own part, Mr. *Spectator*, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has been very much towards intrigue, and I have intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present race of young men, give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous girl about town called Kitty: this creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. Kitty, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself was that of a romping girl; and whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms a-kim bow, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable rompishness, till the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflection, that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heed-

less to please me, was also too inattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expence upon her, till in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

“ This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their insincerity ; and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honor. To this end I formed myself into a more regular turn of behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, having a plentiful fortune, fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters ; but I, who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have, by the force of my ill stars, made my application to three jilts successively.

“ Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. Hyæna can toll in her coach, with something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are ta-

ken in it before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

"Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Chloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years; and thought myself near the end of my wishes, when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honor, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her; if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

"Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"CHARLES YELLOW."

### ADVERTISEMENT.

"Mr. Sly, haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereaux-court in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes, for the use of young tradesmen in the last year of their apprenticeship, at reasonable rates." T.

No. 188.

FRIDAY, October 5, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.*

TULL.

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you whom all men praise.

**H**E is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men.—What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind, that is to say, a man of spirit should condemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirists said very well of popular praise and acclamations, *give the tinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself (a)*. It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honor should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard

yesterday uttered in conversation ; “ I know (said a gentleman) a way to be greater than any man : if he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me, and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.” This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous spirit ; and the approbation of such minds is what may be esteemed true praise ; for with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at : but the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable than to purchase reputation. Where there is that sincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence.— The Lacedamonians, though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the muses when they entered upon any great enterprize.— They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted memorialists. The din which attends victories and public triumphs is by far less eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and wise historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds ; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy an heroic spirit.— The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more ridiculous is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons

admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands and put into another's. The application only, and not the possession, makes those outward things honorable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts: in these cases the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Bullfinch in the Droll: such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron; 'my very good lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future.'

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another, engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood

near him, and asked, in a surprised manner, 'What slip have I made?' (b)

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended.—The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him as to give occasion for this letter.

"MADAM,

"I should be insensible to stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments; as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. As desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a babbler, but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person in it."

T.



No. 189. SATURDAY, October 6, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—*Patriæ pietatis imago.* VIRG. *Æn.* 10. v. 824.

An image of paternal tenderness.

**T**HE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time



since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

“MR. BUCKLEY,

“Mr. *Spectator* having of late descanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children, I have been induced (at the request of several of *Mr. Spectator's* admirers) to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the letter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if *Mr. Spectator* would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to

“ (Mr. Buckley)

“ Your humble servant.”

“ SIRRAH,

“ You are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you comply or not; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour: these are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, Sirrah, if you goto the work-house, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense, I'll break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your father, &c.

“ P. S. It is prudence in you to keep out of my sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a great knock on the skull for it.”

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage: I mean the part of Sir Sampson in *Love for Love*.

I must not however engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a *saucy and audacious rascal* in the first line, and I am afraid, upon examination, he will prove but an ungracious youth. *To go about railing at his father, and to find no other place but the outside of his letter to tell him that Might overcomes Right*, if it does not discover his reason to be depraved, and that he is *either fool or mad*, as the cholerick old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty*. But whether this may be brought about by *breaking his head, or giving him a great knock on the skull*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son as the mother in Virgil.

—*Crudelis tu quoque mater :*

*Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?*

*Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*

Ecl. 8. v. 48.

Cruel alike the mother and the son.

Or like the crow and her egg, in the Greek proverb,

Κακὴ κόρακος; κακὴν ᾠόν.

Bad the crow and bad the egg.

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who, upon some great mens pressing him to forgive his daughter, who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was a difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted; and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon human nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favors should be a less inducement to good will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonder-

fully contrived (as I have formerly observed, No 120.) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shows the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is father Le Compte (*a*), if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out; nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt: for, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrible an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion, that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, suppositious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.

L



No. 190. MONDAY, October 8, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Servitus crescit nova*—

HOR. Od. 8. l. 2. v. 18.

A servitude to former times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflections upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or in other words, since I talked of wenching, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ As your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman Catholic gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own religion, that in countries where Popery prevails, besides the advantage of lincensed stews, there are large endowments given for the *incurabili*, I think he called them, such as are past all remedy, and are allowed such maintenance and support as to keep them without farther care till they expire (*a*). This manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it; and as you are a person who pretend to carry your reflections upon all subjects whatever that occur to you with candour, and act a-

bove the sense of what misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before all the world the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a way of labour instead of idleness. There are crowds of us whose manner of livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us, and who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among you is not reproachful, but credulity in women is infamous.

“ Give me leave, Sir, to give you my history. You are to know that I am a daughter of a man of good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of this great house took it in his head to cast a favourable eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me marriage : I was not a creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story ; but he ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased with the change of my condition, from that of a country life to the finest company, as I believed, in the whole world. My humble servant made me understand that I should be always kept in the plentiful condition I then enjoyed ; when after a very great fondness towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four or five days. In the evening of the same day my good landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must see the world. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me, with a very frank air, that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish humors upon me, for my friend had left me to the town : and, as

their phrase is, she expected I would see company, or I must be treated like what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit of crying: and I immediately, in a true sense of my condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succor me. While I was in all this agony, I observed a decrepit old fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and transport. In a pause of my distress I heard him say to the shameless old woman who stood by me, 'She is certainly a new face, or else she acts it rarely.' With that the gentlewoman, who was making her market of me, in all the turns of my person, the heaves of my passion, and the suitable changes of my posture, took occasion to commend my neck, my shape, my eyes, my limbs. All this was accompanied with such speeches as you may have heard horse-coursers make in the sale of nags, when they are warranted for their soundness. You understand by this time that I was left in a brothel, and exposed to the next bidder that could purchase me of my patroness. This is so much the work of hell; the pleasure in the possession of us wenches abates in proportion to the degrees we go beyond the bounds of innocence; and no man is gratified if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir, my first man, when I came upon the town, was, Sir Geoffrey Foible, who was extremely lavish to me of his money, and took such a fancy to me, that he would have carried me off, if my patroness would have taken any reasonable terms for me: but as he was old, his covetousness was his strongest passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common refuse of all rakes and debauchees in town. I cannot tell whether you will do me justice or no, till

I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now live with Sal, I could give you a very just account of who and who is together in this town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant, who lies with a Roman Catholic; but more of this hereafter as you please me. There do come to our house the greatest politicians of the age (*b*); and Sal is more shrewd than any body thinks: nobody can believe that such wise men could go to bawdy-houses out of idle purposes; I have heard them often talk of Augustus Cæsar, who had intrigues with the wives of senators, not out of wantonness but stratagem.

"It is a thousand pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after one visit or two, you would soon understand that we women of the town are not such useless correspondents as you may imagine; you have undoubtedly heard that it was a courtesan who discovered Cataline's conspiracy. If you print this, I'll tell you more; and am, in the mean time, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"REBECCA NETTLETOP."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am an idle young woman that would work for my livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one shoe and one slipper; no head-dress, and no upper petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me yourself. EVE AFTERDAY."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of



the town, only as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this to men of delicacy might have an effect to cure them ; but as they are stupid, noisy, and drunken fellows, it tends only to make vice in themselves, as they think pleasant and humorous, and at the same time nauseous in us. I shall, sir, hereafter, from time to time, give you the names of these wretches who pretend to enter our houses merely as spectators. These men think it wit to use us ill : pray tell them, however worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, sir, take notice of this, and pity the oppressed ; I wish we could add to it, the innocent.”

T.



No. 191. TUESDAY, October 9, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

— ἔλον ὄνειρον.

HOM. II. 2. v. 6.

— Deluding vision of the night.

POPE.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him

in a perpetual suspense, like the two magnets, which travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying place at Mecca, and by that means say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them (*a*). As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711; because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 133 (*b*). On the contrary I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number, because says he, it is the number of the beast (*c*). Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in

their number ; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers ; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these, upon no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the golden number.

These principles of election are the pastimes and extravagancies of human reason, which is of so busy a nature, that it will be exerting itself in the meanest trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wisest of men are sometimes actuated by such unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprised that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, the *Diseurs de bonne aventure*, who publish their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our lotteries to their advantage : did any of them set up for a caster of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended discoveries and predictions ?

I remember among the advertisements in the Post-boy of September the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one :

“ This is to give notice, That ten shillings over and above the market price will be given for the ticket in the 1,500,000*l.* lottery, No. 132, by Nath. Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.”

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr. Cliff's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them

into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret till about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr. Nathaniel Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertisement.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am the person that lately advertised I would give ten shillings more than the current price for the ticket No. 132, in the lottery now drawing ; which is a secret I have communicated to some friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one ticket ; for which reason, and a certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My visions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed of the money, which in all probability it will sell for. This morning in particular, I set up an equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the town ; the liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery subjects, in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ GEORGE GOSLING.”

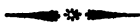
“ P. S. Dear *Spec.* if I get the 12,000*l.* I'll make thee a handsome present.”

After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in

some degree guilty of my friend Gosling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business ; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish, sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, *The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.*

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands ; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

L.



No. 192. WEDNESDAY, October 10, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— *Uno ore omnes omnia*  
*Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meus,*  
*Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.*

TER. And. act. 1. sc. 1.

All men agreed in complimenting me, and applauded  
 my good fortune in being the father of so towardly  
 a son.

**I** STOOD the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardly disposition; and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want, or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she

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expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of them a bishop, ~~the other~~ a judge, and the third a court physician. The humor is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own ; but my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation ; but on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition, to amuse himself with the promise his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives, as it were a longer date to his own life ; and the survivorship of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life : but it is the most lamentable of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's fortune, is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor, to a good man is worse than laid waste ; and the family of which he is the head

is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honored friend Ruricola, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and the booby his heir in pain while he is doing the honors of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of Ruricola (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions and gentleman-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants, his pleasures are mean and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behavior rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I miss my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she, without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend perpetuates his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed Ruricola, but it is Ruricola grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards



him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excrescence will appear in the family of the Corneli, where the father lives with his sons like their eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the Corneli are eminent traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them as well as to themselves; and their friendship, good-will, and kind offices, are disposed of jointly, as well as their fortune; so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all. (a)

It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty, when it is spoke by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted self-love. All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honor receives a new value to him, when he thinks that when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that

such an action was done by such a one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, 'No man can tell my child, his father was either unmerciful or unjust: my son shall meet many a man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy father, and be my child a friend to his child for ever.'

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valor, and justice; it is in every man's power to leave his son the honor of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessing of heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this rhapsody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

"DEAR SIR,

"I know no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a youth of three-and-twenty incapable of comfort, upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honor his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate: and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recal your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct." T



No. 193. THURSDAY, October 11, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*—Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
Mane salutantem totis vomit ædibus undam.*

VIRG. Georg. 2. v. 461.

His Lordship's palace, from its stately doors,  
A flood of levee-hunting mortals pours.

**W**HEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guess at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man, inclined to such inquiries, better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into a habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in court-favor, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wonderful that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humor is, that outward show is what most men pursue rather than real

happiness. Thus both the idol and idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her majesty's good subjects, who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the centre of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbors with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a county-sessions, it would not, methinks, be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levee.

For ought I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well, to spend it in vain applications and addresses.

The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions (*a*), is said to have had in his parlor different ropes to little bells, which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns; and the skilful waiter below fitted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is laid after the same manner; and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gather-

ed together ; when the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making this first appearance: you may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately ; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked ; but the politicians, or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say ; but have ever understood the fact to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted, on these occasions (6).

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levee is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant, and powerful. When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity, as any man may judge, that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag-officer, which way was the wind, a commander of horse the present price of oats, and a stock-jobber at what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now, this is extremely obliging ; for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himself

What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his lordship answers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my part in it.* This happy man is dismissed, and my lord can turn himself to a business of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an answer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals; and if there be any thing offered that is particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my lord's creatures have all had their whispers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb show is become more general. He casts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one: to the other, *And when did you come to town?* and perhaps just before he nods to another; and enters with him: *But, sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.* Each of those are happy for the next four-and-twenty hours; and those who bow in ranks undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good prospects if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a year hence.

The satirist says, there is seldom common sense in high fortune (*c*); and one would think, to behold a levee, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too: else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others to such a degree, as to set up a levee for any thing but a direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exhausted in their

condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of Cæsar, to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the person; but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. And it appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the distraction of a public levee (*d*); but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding. T



No. 194. FRIDAY, October 12, 1711.

BY STEELE.

—*Difficili bile tumet jecur.* HOR. Od. 13. l. 1. v. 4.  
Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring breast. GLANVIL.

THE present paper shall consist of two letters, which observe on faults that are easily cured both in

love and friendship. In the latter, as far as it merely regards conversion, the person who neglects visiting an agreeable friend is punished in the very transgression ; for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the case of love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpressible if every little instance of kindness is not reciprocal. There are things in this sort of commerce which there are not words to express, and a man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his heart into ten thousand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, inattentive to his discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable that the utmost steps which may be made in farther enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay Corinna, who sets up for an indifference and becoming heedlessness, gives her husband all the torment imaginable out of mere insolence, with this peculiar vanity, that she is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a wife. It is no matter what is the reason of a man's grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is convinced that she means him no dishonor, but pines to death because she will not have so much deference to him as to avoid the appearances of it. The author of the following letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet less criminal, and yet the source of the utmost unhappiness:

“ MR. SPECTATOR, (*a*)

“ I have read your papers which relate to jealousy, and desire your advice in my case, which you will say is not common. I have a wife of whose virtue I am not in the least doubtful : yet I cannot be satis-



fied she loves me, which gives me as great uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she keeps possession of my heart, without the return of hers. I would desire your observations upon that temper in some women, who will not condescend to convince their husbands of their innocence or their love, but are wholly negligent of what reflections the poor men make upon their conduct (so they cannot call it criminal,) when at the same time a little tenderness of behavior, or regard to shew an inclination to please them, would make them entirely at ease. Do not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? or are they not in the actual practice of guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air with her mother, it is always carried with the air of a secret; then she will sometimes tell a thing of no consequence, as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behavior in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe our circumstance, but it is miserable with this aggravation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no remedy endeavored.—She reads you, and there is a phrase or two in this letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an explanation which may tend to our future quiet by your means, you shall have our joint thanks. In the mean time, I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous condition be any thing.)

“ Sir, your humble servant.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Give me leave to make you a present of a character not yet described in your papers, which is that of a man who treats his friend with the same odd variety which a fantastical female tyrant practises towards her lover. I have for some time had a friendship with one of these mercurial persons ; the rogue I know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns the best friends and the greatest strangers imaginable : sometimes you would think us inseparable ; at other times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an appointment the same evening : and when I expect he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to another place ; where he has sat reading the news, when there is no post ; smoking his pipe, which he seldom cares for ; and staring about him in company with whom he has nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

“ That I may state my case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short minutes I have taken of him in my almanack since last spring ; for you must know there are certain seasons in the year, according to which, I will not say our friendship, but the enjoyment of it, rises or falls. In March and April he was as various as the weather ; in May and part of June I found him the sprightliest best-humored fellow in the world ; in the dog-days he was much upon the indolent ; in September very agreeable, but very busy ; and since the glass fell last to changeable, he has made three appointments with me and broke them every one. However I have good hopes of him this winter, especially if you will lend me your

assistance to reform him, which will be a great ease and pleasure to,

“ Sir,

“ Your most humble servant.”

October 9, 1711.

T



No. 195. SATURDAY, October 13, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

Νήπιοι, ἔδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλεον ημισυ παντός,  
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλαΐχῃ τε δέ ασφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.

HES. Oper. et Dier. l. 1. v. 40.

Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,  
Nor the great blessings of a frugal board.

**T**HERE is a story in the *Arabian Night Tales* of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such a time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that

they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove.

This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labor is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of a human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may in some measure supply its place where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humors, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigor; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly

we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy where they subsist by the chase ; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate ; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends as one who was running into imminent danger had he not prevented him (*a*). What would that philosopher have said had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal ? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh ; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices ; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of a hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavors ? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body ? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way ; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

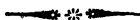
It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another: but there are few that have lived any time in the world who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed on a saying quoted by Sir William Temple: 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humor, and the fourth for mine enemies.' But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and

springs of her distended vessels. Besides, that abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors (*b*), that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which these writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates; for we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life is what we meet with in a little book published by Louis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health, in so much that at fourscore he published his book, which

has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life* : He lived to give a 3d and 4th edition of it ; and after having passed his hundredth year, he died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health. L.



No. 196. MONDAY, October 15, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 30.

True happiness is to no place confin'd,  
But still is found in a contented mind.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HERE is a particular fault which I have observed in most of the moralists in all ages; and that is, that they are always professing themselves and teaching others to be happy. This state is not to be arrived at in this life ; therefore I would recommend to you to talk in a humbler strain than your predecessors.



sors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is equanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above cheerfulness and below mirth. Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental: it should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, *Be easy*. That mind is dissolute and ungoverned which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive.

“ There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by their mutual love to each other, though they have been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of Seneca. Indolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed. But the very inquiry after happiness has something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men of refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

“ What I would by these broken expressions recommend to you, Mr. *Spectator*, is, that you would speak of the way of life which plain men may pursue to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It

is a lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the learned; and that a man must be a philosopher to know how to pass away his time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your pains to place, in a handsome light, the relations and affinities among men, which render their conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest talents give but an important pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fire-side of an honest artificer as entertaining as your own club is to you. Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; and the representation of domestic life filled with its natural gratifications (instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings of the witty) will be a very good office to society.

“The vicissitudes of labor and rest in the lower part of mankind, make their being pass away with that sort of relish which we express by the word Comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a *Spectator*, as well as such subjects, which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most; and show that simplicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, knowledge, and contemplation.

“I am, Sir, Your most humble servant, T. B.”

“*Hackney, October 12. 1711.*”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I am the young woman whom you did so much justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with the utmost

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knowledge and dexterity \*. Indeed, the world, as malicious as it is, will allow that, from an hurry of laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a curtsy, and let fall my hands before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the best of any woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your notice and approbation ; and however young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present state of my mind. I was reading your *Spectator* of the ninth instant, and thought the circumstance of the ass divided between two bundles of hay which equally affected his senses, was a lively representation of my present condition ; for you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young gentlemen who at this time pretend love to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking advice ; therefore I will own to you, that I am very amorous and very covetous. My lover, Will, is very rich, and my lover, Tom, very handsome. I can have either of them when I please : but when I debate the question in my own mind, I cannot take Tom for fear of losing Will's estate, nor enter upon Will's estate and bid adieu to Tom's person. I am very young ; and yet no one in the world, dear Sir, has the main chance more in her head than myself. Tom is the gayest, the blithest creature ! he dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all hours and seasons. Oh ! he is the joy of my eyes ! But then again Will is so very rich and careful of the main. How many pretty dresses does Tom appear in to charm me ! but then it immediately occurs to me, that a man of his circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I

\* See No. 134.

have at last examined both these desires of love and avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter, I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond ; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take Will. Alas, poor Tom !

“ Your humble servant,

T

“ BIDDY LOVELESS.”



No. 197. TUESDAY, October 16, 1711.

BY MR. E. BUDGEL.

*Alter rixatur de lana sæpe caprina, et  
Propugnant nugis armatus : scilicet, ut non  
Sit mihi prima fides ; et vere quod placet, ut non  
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.  
Ambigitur quid enim ? Castor sciat, an Docilis plus,  
Brundusium Numici melius via ducat, an Appi.*

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. 15.

One strives for trifles, and for toys contends :

He is in earnest ; what he says defends :

‘ That I should not be trusted, right or wrong,

‘ Or be debarr’d the freedom of my tongue,

‘ And not bawl what I please : To part with this,

‘ I think another life too mean a price.’

The question is—Pray, what ?—Why, which can boast

Or Docilis or Castor knowing most ;

Or whether thro’ Numicum ben’t as good

To fair Brundusium, as the Appian road ? CREECH.

**E**VERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses to

which youth, old age, and manhood, are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers ; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular profession or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but it is very often apparent in their outward behavior, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air, diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance ; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behavior, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples ; while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession

is most infected with ; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen, regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain *Sentry* pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, "He has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company."

The Captain, who is a man of good sense but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. I was giving my opinion, (says the Captain,) without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behavior in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavored to show me that my opinions were ill grounded.— Upon which, (says the Captain,) to avoid any further contests, I told him, that truly, I had not considered those several arguments he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several things to be urged in favor of your opinion, which you have omitted ; and thereupon begun to shine upon the other side of the

question. Upon this (says the Captain) I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short, (says my friend,) I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him ; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like Hudibras, *could still change sides and still confute.*

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as nurseries of statesmen and lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigor ; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others ; the demolishing of Dunkirk, was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudice of party or interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a

young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows :

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humor, to improve than to contradict the notions of another : but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty ; two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearer. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace : you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity ; and though possibly you are endeavoring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very



different, that it is impossible they should all think alike ; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, ‘ What might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have ? ’ But if you contend for the honor of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget ?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier : he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger ; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favors, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master ; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion ; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the

whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution: when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it. K



No. 198. WEDNESDAY, October 17, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Cervæ luporum præda rapacium  
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus  
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.*

HOR. Od. 4. l. 4. v. 59.

We like the stag, the brinded wolf provoke,

And, when retreat is victory,

Rush on, though sure to die.

ANON.

**T**HERE is a species of women whom I shall distinguish by the name of salamanders. Now a salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant

to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex of such innocent liberties. Your salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, and admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence ; her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost ; she wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal*, or fiery trial : like good queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-shares, without being scorched or singed by them (a).

It is not therefore for the use of the salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper ; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behavior ; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls *Temptations*, and the world *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy, and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness, they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far

give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex, in the language of Chamont in the *Orphan* ;

- ' Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
- ' Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant.
- ' When a man talks of love, with caution trust him ;
- ' But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.'

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may shew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behavior, determined, about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eyes upon a young ~~woman~~ who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid the whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time ; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort of being under the same master ; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian,

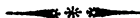
though he would rather have died in slavery himself than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures ; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency : he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt ; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the mo-

ney should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival ; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom ; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story ; but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awakening found his wife had left him : he immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Al-

giers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity ; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after. L



No. 199. THURSDAY, October 18, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— *Scribere jussit amor.*

OVID. Ep. 5. v. 10.

Love bade me write.

**T**HE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Though you are every where in your writings a friend to women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary practice of men in the choice of wives. If you would please to employ your thoughts upon that subject, you would easily conceive the miserable condition many of us are in, who, not only from the laws of custom and modesty, are restrained from making any advances towards our wishes, but are also, from the circumstance of fortune, out of all hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these disadvantages I am obliged to apply myself to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to print in your very next paper the following letter, which is a declaration of passion to one who has made some faint ad-

dresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me ; but the inequality of my fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the world if he pursues his designs by way of marriage ; and I believe, as he does not want discernment, he discovered me looking at him the other day unawares in such a manner as has raised his hopes of gaining me on terms the men call easier. But my heart is very full on this occasion ; and if you know what love and honor are, you will pardon me that I use no farther arguments with you, but hasten with my letter to him, whom I will call Oroondates (*a*) ; because if I do not succeed, it shall look like romance ; and if I am regarded, you shall receive a pair of gloves at my wedding sent to you under the name of *Statira*."

### TO OROONDATES.

" SIR,

" After very much perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning your's, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or if you please, lie concealed. If I do not within a few days find the effect which I hope from this, the whole affair shall be buried in oblivion. But alas ! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you ? But after I have done so, I am to assure you that, with all the passion which ever entered a tender heart, I know I can banish you from my sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no inclinations towards me but to my dishonor. But, alas ! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential happiness of life to the opinion of a world that moves upon no



other foundation but professed error and prejudice? You all can observe, that riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in competition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that religion is left to us silly women, and you men act generally upon principles of profit and pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your advantage as a man of the world. And I will lay before you the state of the case, supposing that you had it in your power to make me your mistress or your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your interest, and will contribute more to your pleasure.

“We will suppose then the scene was laid, and you were now in expectation of the approaching evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton imagination has promised you in the possession of one who is in the bloom of youth and in the reputation of innocence : you would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When fancy is sated, and finds all the promises it made to itself false, where is now the innocence which charmed you? The first hour you are alone you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee is only that of a destroyer : he blasts all the fruit he tastes ; and where the brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason resumes her place after imagination is cloyed : and I am, with the utmost distress and confusion, to behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the two companions (the most unfit for each other in the world)

**solitude and guilt.** I will not insist upon the shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh air and free commerce which all people must be satisfied with whose actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have seen of that life of which I have but a mere idea.

“On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promise yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy temper, whatever consolations from a sincere friendship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. What at present, in your ill view, you promise yourself from me, will be followed by distaste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part of its happiness. The raptures of innocent passion are but like lightning to the day; they rather interrupt than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are but the lowest parts of its felicity?

“Now I am to repeat to you the unnatural request of taking me in direct terms. I know there stands between me and that happiness the haughty daughter of a man who can give you suitably to your fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and behavior of her who comes to you in partnership of your fortune, and expects an equivalent, with that of her who enters your house as honored and obliged by that permission, whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a day abroad, in the common entertainments of men of sense and fortune; she will think herself ill-used in that absence, and contrive

at home an expence proportioned to the appearance which you make in the world. She is in all things to have a regard to the fortune which she brought you, I to the fortune to which you introduced me. The commerce between you two will eternally have the air of a bargain, between us of a friendship : joy will ever enter into the room with you, and kind wishes attend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation on a grateful mind? Such will be your case with me. In the other marriage you will live in a constant comparison of benefits, and never know the happiness of conferring or receiving any.

“ It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential way, according to the sense of the ordinary world. I know not what I think or say when that melancholy reflection comes upon me ; but shall only add more, that it is in your power to make me your grateful wife, but never your abandoned mistress.”

T



No. 200. FRIDAY, October 19, 1711.

BY MR. HENRY MARTIN.

*Vincit amor patriæ*——

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 823.

The noblest motive is the public good.

**T**HE ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars,

but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their success. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondents, I took this hint from that of Philarithmus (*a*); which has turned my present thoughts upon political arithmetic, an art of greater use than entertainment. My friend has offered an essay towards proving, that Louis XIV. with all his acquisitions, is not master of more people than at the beginning of his wars; nay, that for every subject he had acquired, he had lost three that were his inheritance; if Philarithmus is not mistaken in his calculations, Louis must have been impoverished by his ambition.

The prince, for the public good, has a sovereign property in every private person's estate, and consequently his riches must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects. For example: if sword or pestilence should destroy all the people of this metropolis (God forbid there should be room for such a supposition! but if this should be the case), the queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or at least what is charged upon the city must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other subjects, the customs and excises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a

proportion of the rent, or yearly value of the lands in the country, so it is the cause of paying such a proportion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the prince, and visible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to think their excises, customs, and house-rent, would raise as great a revenue to the crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsoever is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven eighths of the people are without property in themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread: and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great-Britain: and yet one would imagine that seven eighths of the whole people should consume at least three fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three fourths of their taxes. Now, if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus as the

poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is, upon this account, worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again, one would imagine the consumption of seven eighths of the whole people should pay two thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head: and therefore, with this and the former sum, every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs and labor, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited with the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-laborers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birth-right of Britons for a shilling, of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and I think I may, without vanity, pretend to have contrived some

as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country ; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same omnipotent Power which made the world, should at this time raise out of the ocean, and join to Great-Britain, an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessities of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people or revenue of the prince ; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other : besides, we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbors to take what exceeds of the former off our hands ; and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects : and for the remaining product of the country it is already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices, the landlords with half their present rents ; and thus, by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished ; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for

the most part must either be used within the year or perish without use ; the owners will get rid of them at any rate rather than they should waste in their possession : so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of one tenth part of them beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our neighbor merchants, who engross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices ; and thus this extended island would not exceed one fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living : like the schoolmen's ass in one of my speculations (No. 191), the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, who are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live ; and if with two days labor they can get a wretched subsistence for a week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four ; but then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox therefore in Old Hesiod, *πλεον ἥμισυ πλεονός*, or "half is more than the whole," is very applicable to the present case ; since nothing is more true in political arithmetic than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. Petty, when he fancied if all the Highlands of Scotland and the whole kingdom of Ireland



were sunk in the ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of Great-Britain ; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land and no people. It is certain Louis has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions : but if Philarithmus says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before ; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain, Louis must needs have been impoverished not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands. T



No. 201. SATURDAY, October 20, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.*

Incerti Autoris apud AUL. GELL.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

**I**T is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers

itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, although they betray in no single circumstance of their behavior any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succor in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendant which rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show, that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes; but which ever of them

shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity ; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasms. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature ; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervors of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this

thought too far, and humors the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies ; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius (*a*), *Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas* : “ A man should be religious, not superstitious.” For, as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown ; a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness ; superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman Catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behavior be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded ; on the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers : another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand ; to this

a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. E

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No. 202. MONDAY, October 22, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Sæpe decem vitiis instructior, odit et horret.*

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 25.

Many, though faultier much themselves, pretend  
Their less offending neighbors faults to mend.

**T**HE other day, as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy prentice boy, disputing with a hackney-

coachman ; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, threw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face : at the same time calling him a rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith ; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises ; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad ; and perhaps, with my friend Tacitus, fell into observations upon it which were too great for the occasion ; or ascribed this general favor to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentleman was methinks, what created him good will from his present equality with the mob about him : add to this, that he was not so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The advantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged ; but he showed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should show collateral eminencies be-

sides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favor or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow-creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in nowise so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humors into unnatural excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflection that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages and giving commands that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behavior, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what intitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependents, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects, which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reasons but the terror of losing his master's favor; when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humorists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Make-bates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humorsome

rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence ; and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into farther speculation upon this subject at present, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am servant to an old lady who is governed by one she calls her friend ; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary counsellors ; and let these people know, that to give any body advice, is to say to that person, I am your betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal flirt and disturber of families, Mrs. Taperty, who is always visiting and putting people in a way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one evening, you will be a general benefactor to all the ladies’ women in town, and particularly to

“ Your loving friend,

“ SUSAN CIVIL.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am a footman, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humored men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray, be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half hour than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in



common fame, disoblige somebody every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humor at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation they would reform; and I, who have been a spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill nature. But you will represent this better than

“Your abused humble servant,

“THOMAS SMOAKY.”

### TO THE SPECTATOR.

*The humble petition of John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook, and Abigail Chambers, in behalf of themselves and their relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of London and Westminster;*

“SHEWETH,

“That in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

“That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

“That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

“That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words Wantonness and Disorder.

“That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

“ That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

“ That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies are no longer more than cyphers in their own families; and that we, your petitioners, are with great disdain, obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

“ Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition : and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray, &c.” T



No. 203. TUESDAY, October 23, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,  
Nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat ;  
Pignora da, genitor——* OVID. Met. l. 2. v. 36.

Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise  
A parent's name, some certain token give,  
That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,  
No longer under false reproaches grieve.

ADDISON.

**T**HERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often for a valuable consideration, father it upon the church-warden. By this means there are several married men who have a little fa-

mily in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children : nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaux, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine that had a little smattering of heraldry ; and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind.

—*Nec longum tempus et ingens,  
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbor,  
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma,*

VIRG. Georg. 2. v. 80.

And in short space the laden boughs arise,  
With happy fruit advancing to the skies :  
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown,  
Of alien trees, and apples not her own. DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, Will Maple. Out of the side of it grew a

large barren branch, inscribed Mary Maple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters KATE COLE, who branched out into three sprigs, viz, William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal Twiford gave birth to another bough that shot up into Sarah, Tom, Will and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second, the parent from whom it sprung being near her time, when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully laden with fruit of the same kind; besides which, there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the herald's office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus the comic poet, who was contemporary with Menander, which is full of humor, as follows: *Thou mayest shut up thy doors*, says he, *with bars and bolts; it will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whoremaster will find a way through them.* In a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people those parts of her majesty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and, in the phrase of Diogenes, to plant men. Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, till these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favor a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that bastardy and cuckoldom should be looked upon as reproaches, and that the ignominy, which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a

spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

"Sir,

"I am one of those people who, by the general opinion of the world, are counted both infamous and unhappy.

"My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son; but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he, without shame, own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent: neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniences I undergo.

"It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

"I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labor for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my future fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my pa-

rents ; so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

“ I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and by the continual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession ; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the favor of your opinion thereupon ; as also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man’s affection who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to, Sir,

“ Your admirer and humble servant,

C

“ W. B.”



No. 204. WEDNESDAY, October 24, 1711.

BY STEELE.

From the Letter Box.

*Urit grata protervitas,*

*Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.*

HOR. Od. 19. l. 1. v. 7.

With winning coyness she my soul disarms :

Her face darts forth a thousand rays ;

My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

CONGREVE.

**I** AM not at all displeased that I am become the courier of love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great wil-

lingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may, perhaps, seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired to be inserted : but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

### “ TO THE SOTHADES.

“ The word by which I address you, gives you, who understand Portuguese (*a*), a lively image of the tender regard I have for you. The *Spectator's* late letter from Statira (No. 199.) gave me the hint to use the same method of explaining myself to you. I am not affronted at the design your late behavior discovered you had in your addresses to me ; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age rather than your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more than being your's, I am willing to be a stranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay dress, the pleasures of visits, equipage, plays, balls, and operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this has not the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pall you with an offer of what you would never desist



pursuing while you received ill usage. Be a true man ; be my slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me ; but I know, while I can keep this suspense,

“ I am your admired

“ BELINDA.”

“ MADAM.

“ It is a strange state of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turn into excellencies and advantages. I do assure you I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my reason, and think it an ill circumstance to owe one’s happiness to nothing but infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and observe your eye wander after new conquests every moment you are in a public place ; and yet there is such a beauty in all your looks and gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavoring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the same with that of the lover in the *Way of the World* (b). I have studied your faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own.— Look to it, Madam, and consider whether you think this gay behavior will appear to me as amiable when an husband as it does now to me a lover.— Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed ; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness, of, madam,

“ Your most obedient, most humble servant,

“ T. D.”

“SIR,

“When I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.”

“SIR,

“There were other gentlemen nearer, and I know no necessity you were under to take up that flippant creature’s fan last night ; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more, that is pos.

“PHYLLIS.”

To Colonel R——s in Spain (c).

“Before this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honor and duty, left me, has increased upon me ; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me : and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me ; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks, there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which

we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be a happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewel for ever." T



No. 205. THURSDAY, October 25, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Decipimur specie recti*——

HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 25.

Deluded by a seeming excellence.

ROSCOMMON.

**W**HEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scare-crow ; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ There are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavored to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage in your fifteenth ; our love of puppet-shows in your thirty-first ; our notions of beauty in your thirty-third ; our inclination for romances in your thirty-seventh ; our passion for French fopperies in your forty-fifth ; our manhood and party-zeal in your fifty-seventh ; our abuse of dancing in your sixty-fifth and sixty-seventh ; our levity in your

hundred and twenty-eighth ; our love of coxcombs in your hundred and fifty-fourth and hundred and fifty-seventh ; our tyranny over the hen-peckt in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict in your forty-first ; the idol in your seventy-third ; the demurrer in your eighty-ninth ; the salamander in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagancies we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches in your fiftieth and eighty-first ; our commodoes in your ninety-eighth ; our fans in your hundred and second ; our riding-habits in your hundred and fourth ; our hoop-petticoats in your hundred and twenty-seventh ; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own, that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into the behavior of these female libertines ; but as your remarks on some part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and honor, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter by the behavior of an infamous woman, who hav-

ing passed her youth in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others, that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it: nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish Roderigos (*a*), which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favor, though at the same time he was too much a man of honor to put her in mind of it.

“ When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to a very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I

am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German Count in foreign countries, that shall make his boast of favors he has received from women of the highest ranks and the most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted, as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the hero in the ninth book of Dryden's *Virgil* is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus. You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some further accounts of this vicious race of women.

"Your humble servant,

"BELVIDERA."

I shall add two other letters, on different subjects, to fill up my paper.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little infelicities which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

"A widow lady, who straggled this summer from London into my parish, for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

"But what gives us the most offence is, her theatrical manner of singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty Italian airs in the hundredth Psalm; and whilst we begin *All People*, in the old solemn tune of our fore-fathers, she, in a quite different key,

runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini: if she meets with eke or aye, which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

“ I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing Psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for 'Squire Squeekum, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

“ I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her non-conformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, that singing the Psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act. I am, Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ R. S.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ In your paper upon temperance, you prescribe to us a rule for drinking, out of Sir William Temple, in the following words; *The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humor, and the fourth for mine enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your *Spectator* in a club whereof I am a member; when our president told us, there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word *glass* should be *bottle*; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following *erratum*:



In the paper of Saturday, October 13th, col. 3, line 11. for *glass*, read *bottle*.

"Your's,

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW."



No. 206. FRIDAY, October 26, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,*

*A diis plura feret—*

MOR. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 21.

They that do much themselves deny,

Receive more blessings from the sky.

CREECH.

**T**HERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favor or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance, and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those who, by their words and actions, take as much upon themselves as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune: if either of

them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words, and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you ; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world ; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses : I say then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valor, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him ; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living ~~would~~ deny Cinna the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit ; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects ; and therefore, instead of shewing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirtilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex, who understand themselves, and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behavior a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king, *He bore his faculties so meekly*; and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honors and glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agree-

able disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition ; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sun-shiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched), are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk ; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher ; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself ; and has his mind and his fortune, as far as prudence will allow, open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Lucceius has learning, wit, humor, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages ; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him, if they are fashionable and warm ; his companions are agreeable, if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, or jollity in company ; in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer de-

light to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good humor, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction. T.



No. 207. SATURDAY, October 27, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque  
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota  
Erroris nebula——* Juv. Sat. 10. v. 1.

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing, it pursue.

DRYDEN.

**I**N my last Saturday's paper (No. 201.) I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled, *Alcibiades the First*, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it, when drawn together, out of the intricacies and digressions, as follows.

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be

fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things, which the gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction : This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as *Œdipus* implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons ; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This, the philosopher shews, must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that god, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth ? *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favor that could be bestowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after receiving this great favor he would be contented to loose his life ? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it ? To both which questions *Alcibiades* answers in the negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effect of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences ; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they

thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer, which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: "O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for; and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for."

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedamonians make use of, in which they petition the gods, "to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous." Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose.

When the Athenians, in the war with the Laceda-

monians, received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reason why they, who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they, who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they, who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedamonians, who fell so short of them in all these particulars? To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply: "I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedamonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks." As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it, the philosopher proceeds to show how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer (*a*), in which the poet says, That the scent of the Trojan sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds: but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable, Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, "We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men." "But when will that time come, says Alcibiades, and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is." "It is one (says Socrates) who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist



from Diomedes's eyes, that he might plainly discover both gods and men (*b*) ; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil.' ' Let him remove from my mind, says Alcibiades, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it.' The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure : there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was, in this respect, as much at a loss, and in as great distress, as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high-priest (*c*), prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world, who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection ; That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without

show or ostentation, and to worship him *in spirit*, *in truth*. As the Lacedamonians, in their form of prayer, implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular, 'that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings which, to the generality of mankind, appear as curses. Thus, in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our *daily sustenance*. On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his will may be done*: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths. 'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing

from  
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101

our good, and that he knows better  
what is so. L



MONDAY, October 29, 1711.

BY STEELE.

—*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*

OVID. *Ars Am.* l. 1. v. 99.

To be themselves a spectacle they come.

**I** HAVE several letters from people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend any thing but impertinencies. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in Shakespeare; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, Pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter: it is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary

one. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the other night, when the lady who is conscious of the crime of murdering the king, seems utterly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh: they were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but, I think, it is not such a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally observe, that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions: a sly expression which alludes to bawdry, puts a whole row into a pleasing smirk; when a good sentence, that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine upon this subject has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepossession against this reasonable delight in the following manner. The prude (says he), as she acts always in contradiction, so is she gravely sullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The coquette is so much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the mode: these are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the actor is going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant set of females who are mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented,

is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the innocent or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident ; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensible superior of her own sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and shun, as a weakness, the best and worthiest part of our sense.

“ SIR,

“ As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but affects it amongst people of any sense, makes me, who am of the greatest of your admirers, give you this trouble, to desire you will settle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town ; for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come ; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. *Spec*, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy footmen, (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better style as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by this means, and break off acquaintance, and are rude : therefore pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent

any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear *Spec*,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“MARY MEANWELL.”

“Pray, settle what is to be a proper notification of a person being in town, and how that differs according to people’s quality.”

“October the 20th.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I have been out of town, so did not meet with your paper dated September 28th (No. 182,), wherein you, to my heart’s desire, exposed that cursed vice of ensnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you, without flattery, it has saved a prentice of mine from ruin ; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you wrote was matter of fact, or your own invention ; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my prentice, that had I read your paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper.

“Your most obliged humble servant.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Without raillery, I desire you to insert this, word for word, in your next, as you value a lover’s prayers. You see it is an hue and cry after a stray heart (with the marks and blemishes under-written), which, whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you re-

member the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper (No. 41 or No. 188.)

“ Noble, generous, great and good,  
But never to be understood ;  
Fickle as the wind, still changing,  
After every female ranging,  
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to lying :  
When the Siren songs repeats,  
Equal measures still it beats ;  
Whoe’er shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And whoe’er takes it, takes a Tartar.”

T



No. 209. TUESDAY, October 30, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

Γυναικος ἔδε χρεμ’ αὐτῆς ληίζεται  
Ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον, ἔδε πύγιον κακῆς.

SIMONIDES.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife ;  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

**T**HERE are no authors I am more pleased with than those who shew human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers ; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue ; to make us

pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our mind of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify the narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity: and the more we come downwards toward our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writings of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shews, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienveillance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their simili-



tudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or Iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrines of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear), at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy; and must further premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

“ In the beginning God made the souls of woman-kind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

“ The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house, and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

“ A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable dis-

cerning woman, who has an insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

“A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call *Scolds*, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamor.

“The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

“The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sun-shine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good humor; but on a sudden her looks and her words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

“The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

“The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments.—

This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

"The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any fertile toil and labor, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

"The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavor to detract from, or ridicule, every thing which appears so in others:

"The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man."

I shall conclude these Iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: *A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavored to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The satire upon man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavors to shew, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the most excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L.



No. 210. WEDNESDAY, October 31, 1711.

BY MR. JOHN HUGHES.

*Nescio quomodo inheret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis et existit maxime et apparet facillime.*

Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

“ TO THE SPECTATOR.

“ SIR,

“ I AM fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is the having gene-

rous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever ?

“ For this reason, I am of opinion, that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the *soul's immortality* cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments ; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

“ It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, asserting, as with one voice, this their birth-right, and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At the same time, if we turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

“ You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the increasing appetite the mind has to knowledge (No. 111), and to the extending its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it : *We*

*are complaining (as you observe in a former speculation, No. 93.) of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.*

“Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these *imaginary points of rest* : do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained ? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them ? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect ; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it ; and continues to travel on as before (c).

“This is so plainly every man’s condition in life, that there is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his appetite to something future remains. The use therefore I would make of it is this, that since nature, as some love to express it, does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it ; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me, whatever it may to others, as a kind of instinct, or natural symptom, which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

“I take it at the same time for granted, that the

immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments; and if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a cullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such men's unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and, indeed, amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

“ This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions: but the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

“ The admirable Shakespeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a person in his last minutes, in the second part of *King Henry VI.* where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of the good Duke Humphry, is represented on his death-bed. After some short confused speeches, which show an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he is expiring, King Henry standing by him, full of compassion, says,

“ Lord Cardinal ! if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,

“ Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope !

“ He dies, and makes no sign !” —

"The despair which is here shewn, without a word or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

"I shall not pursue this thought farther, but only add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in the world to wish it. What are honor, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

"I shall trouble you no further; but with a certain gravity, which these thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things people say of you (as they will of men who distinguish themselves), which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a man as you are an author. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

Z

T. D."



No. 211. THURSDAY, November 1, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Fictis meminerit nos joculari fabulis.* PHÆDR. l. 1. Prol.

Let it be remember'd that we sport in fabled stories.

**H**AVING lately (No. 209.) translated the fragment of an old poet, which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together, in another paper, the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different in-



gredients that go to the making up of such different humors and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion (a). But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humors in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead, therefore, of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirised the vicious part of the human species in general from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides, describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it, as Mr. Dryden has described it in his translation of Pythagoras's speech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh :—

' Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
 ' And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies :  
 ' By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,  
 ' And lodge, where it lights, in bird or beast,  
 ' Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,  
 ' And actuates those according to their kind :  
 ' From tenement to tenement is toss'd :  
 ' The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

' Then let not piety be put to flight,  
 ' To please the taste of glutton appetite ;  
 ' But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,  
 ' Lest from their seats your parents you expel ;  
 ' With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,  
 ' Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.'

Plato, in the vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the subject of a future speculation, records some beautiful transmigrations ; as that the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a swan ; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion ; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an eagle ; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humor.

" Thus Aristotle's soul of old, that was,  
 " May now be damn'd to animate an ass ;  
 " Or in this very house, for aught we know,  
 " Is doing painful penance in some beau."

I shall fill up this paper with some letters which my last Tuesday's speculation has produced. My following correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the sex.

*" From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.*

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" Upon reading your Tuesday's paper, I find by several symptoms in my constitution, that I am a Bee. My shop, or if you please to call it so, my cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by the name of the New Exchange; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little stock of gain from the finest flowers about the town, I mean the ladies and the beaux. I have a numerous swarm of children, to whom I give the best education I am able: but, Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself towards him like a wasp, so likewise, I would not have him look upon me as an humble bee; for which reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and frequently represent to him the fatal effects his sloth and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good advice upon this occasion, and you will for ever oblige,

" Your humble servant,

" MELISSA."

" SIR,

*" Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.*

" I am joined in wedlock, for my sins, to one of those sillies who are described in the old poet with that hard name you gave us the other day. She has a flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk; but, Sir, she passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me in ribands. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness and expensiveness. Pray, master, tell me in

your next paper, whether I may not expect of her so much drudgery as to take care of her family, and curry her hide in case of refusal.

“ Your loving friend,

“ BARNABY BRITTLE.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR, “ *Cheapside, October 30.*

“ I am mightily pleased with the humor of the cat ; be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject.

“ Your’s till death,

“ JOSIAH HENPECK.”

“ P. S. You must know I am married to a Grimal-kin.”

“ SIR,

“ *Wapping, October 31, 1711.*

“ Ever since your Spectator of Tuesday last (No. 209.) came into our family, my husband is pleased to call me his Oceana, because the foolish old poet that you have translated says, that the souls of some women are made of sea-water. This, it seems, has encouraged my sauce box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries, Pr’ythee, my dear, be calm ; when I chide one of my servants, Pr’ythee, child, do not bluster. He had the impudence about an hour ago to tell me, that he was a sea-faring man, and must expect to divide his life between storm and sun-shine. When I bestir myself with any spirit in my family, it is high sea in his house ; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his affairs forsooth are wind-bound. When I ask him whether it rains, he makes answer, It is no matter, so that it be fair weather within doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my mind freely to him, but I either swell or rage, or do something that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. Pray, Mr. Spectator, since you are so sharp upon other women, let us know what materials your wife

is made of, if you have one (*b*). I suppose you would make us a parcel of poor-spirited, tame, insipid creatures: but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good passions in us as yourself, and that a woman was never designed to be a milk-sop.

L

"MARTHA TEMPEST."



No. 212. FRIDAY, November 2, 1711.

BY STEELE.

—————*Eripe turpi*  
*Colla jugo, liber, liber sum, dic age*—————

HOR. SAT. 7. 1. 2. v. 92.

———Loose thy neck from this ignoble chain,  
 And boldly say thou'rt free. GREEK.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I NEVER look upon my dear wife but I think of the happiness Sir *Roger de Coverly* enjoys in having such a friend as you to expose in proper colours the cruelty and perverseness of his mistress: I have very often wished you visited in our family, and were acquainted with my spouse; she would afford you, for some months at least, matter enough for one Spectator a week. Since we are not so happy as to be of your acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you our present circumstances as well as I can in writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different constitution from *Nathaniel Henroost*, whom you have lately recorded in your speculations (No. 176.); and have a wife who makes a more tyrannical use of the knowledge of my easy temper than that lady ever pretended to. We had not been a month married, when she found in me a certain

pain to give offence, and an indolence that made me bear little inconveniencies rather than dispute about them. From this observation it soon came to that pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me ; and then down again I sat. In a day or two after this first pleasant step towards confining me, she declared to me, that I was all the world to her, and she thought she ought to be all the world to me. If, said she, my dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my company. This declaration was followed by my being denied to all my acquaintance ; and it very soon came to that pass, that, to give an answer at the door, before my face, the servants would ask her whether I was within or not ; and she would answer, no, with great fondness, and tell me I was a good dear. I will not enumerate more little circumstances to give you a livelier sense of my condition ; but tell you in general, that from such steps as these at first, I now live the life of a prisoner of state ; my letters are opened, and I have not the use of pen, ink, and paper but in her presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her coach to take the air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the glasses up. I have overheard my servants lament my condition ; but they dare not bring me messages without her knowledge, because they doubt my resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this insipid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine, Tom Meggot, who is a favorite with her, and allowed to visit me in her company, because he sings prettily, has reuced me to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the following manner. My wife is a great pretender to music, and very ignorant of it ; but far gone

in the Italian taste. Tom goes to Armstrong, the famous fine writer of music, and desires him to put this sentence of Tully in the scale of an Italian air, and write it out for my spouse from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat, quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? Poscit? Dandum est. Vocat? Veniendum. Ejicit? Abeundum. Minatur? Extinuiscendum.* ‘Does he live like a gentleman who is commanded by a woman? He to whom she gives law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?’

“To be short, my wife was extremely pleased with it; said the Italian was the only language for music; and admired how wonderfully tender the sentiment was, and how pretty the accent is of that language, with the rest that is said by rote on that occasion. Mr. Meggot is sent for to sing this air, which he performs with mighty applause; and my wife is in ecstasy on the occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the notion of the Italian; for, said she, it grows upon one, when one once comes to know a little of the language; and pray, Mr. Meggot, sing again those notes *Nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare.* You may believe I was not a little delighted with my friend Tom’s expedient to alarm me, and in obedience to his summons I give all this story thus at large; and I am resolved, when this appears in the Spectator, to declare for myself. The manner of the insurrection I contrive by your means, which shall be no other than that Tom Meggot, who is at our tea-table every morning, shall read it to us; and if my dear can take the hint, and say not one word, but

let this be the beginning of a new life, with out farther explanation, it is very well ; for as soon as the Spectator is read over, I shall, without more ado, call for the coach, name the hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all ; if I do not, they may go to dinner. If my spouse only swells and says nothing, Tom and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before ; but if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall, in my next to you, receive a full account of her resistance and submission ; for submit the dear thing must, to, Sir,

“ Your most obedient,

“ humble servant,

“ ANTHONY FREEMAN.”

“ P. S. I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may be in your very next.” T



No. 213. SATURDAY, November 3, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

— *Mens sibi conscia recti.*

VIRG. ÆN. 1. v. 608.

A good intention.

**I**T is the great art and secret of christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage, and direct them in such a manner that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the same manner,



and consider them with regard to our actions, we may discover that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention, joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy : joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away ; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it into a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality what the fathers, with a witty kind of zeal, have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many *shining sins* (a). It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror ; or, in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes *sin exceeding sinful* (b).

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action ; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action ; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not so-

hid, in Acosta's answer to Limborch, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occasion is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows : " There are not duties enough (says he) in the essential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, and person, are requisite before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have therefore (says he) enlarged the sphere of our duty, and made many things, which are in themselves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may have more occasions of shewing our love to God, and in all the circumstances of life be doing something to please Him."

Monsieur St. Evremond has endeavored to palliate the superstitions of the Roman Catholic religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear ; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please Him, and the other to abstain from every thing that may possibly displease Him.

But notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholic would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion ; because the injunction of superfluous ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than

it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending ; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this *holy officiousness*, (if I may be allowed to call it such,) which is recommended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, *Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do (c).*

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *downsitting and his uprising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways, (d).*

In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who, in that beautiful phrase of scripture, are said to have *walked with God* (*e*).

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts, or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan philosopher than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavor to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavor will be accepted by him." We find in these words of that great man, the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholic, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray

for him ; or, as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner : “ When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis* : O holy Socrates, pray for us.” L



No. 214. MONDAY, November 5, 1711.

BY STEELE.

——— *Perierunt tempora longi*

*Servitii*———

JUV. Sat. 3. v. 124.

A long dependance in an hour is lost.

DRYDEN.

**I** did some time ago lay before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind, who suffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of persons above them ; but there is a set of men who are much more the objects of compassion than even those ; and these are the dependants on great men, whom they are pleased to take under their protection as such as are to share in their friendship and favor. These indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors ; and these debts, being debts of honor, ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who without any call, will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends ; but I speak of such leagues where there is

power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other.

The division of patron and client, may, I believe, include a third of our nation: the want of merit and real worth in the client will strike out about ninety-nine in an hundred of these; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of that kind. But, however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed; inso-much that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality (*a*). There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favor of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary than that a man who has got into a considerable station shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends; and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This

perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office ; and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behavior a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable ; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kinds of passive behavior, lose minutes, hours, days and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before ; thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interest to new pretenders. By these means it often happens, that when you cease to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it : but forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these, a man may perhaps grow out of humor ; if you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are an humorist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment : but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill-usage, you will be used after the same manner ; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with

great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable or agreeable : the former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them ; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humor : for, to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a complaisance, if not subservience, to his vices, must be the measure of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when his patron pleases, is ended ; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner, but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behavior, that such an one, (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement ; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen, to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away



one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one, who makes observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon ; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favor. Worthy patrons are like Plato's guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards ; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and, instead of blessings, pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them (b). T



No. 215. TUESDAY, November 6, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*

*Emolit mores nec finit ease feros.*

OVID. Ep. 9. l. 2. De Ponto, v. 47.

The lib'ral arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdue the mind.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same

manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble ; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated ; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations ; who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner ? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated ? And what colour of excuse can there be for the

contempt with which we treat this part of our species ? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity ; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them ; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it.

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christophers, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival ; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not

forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them ; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corps, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen ; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her, with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish ; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of

those nations of which I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends ; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds ; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands in approbation of my endeavors ; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excuse myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honor to the persons who write them ; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them. C

No. 216. WEDNESDAY, November 7, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius :  
 Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,  
 Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,  
 Infecta pace, ultro ad eam venies, indicans  
 Te amare, et ferre non posse : actum est, illicit,  
 Peristi : eludet, ubi te victum senserit.*

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. sc. 1.

If indeed you can keep to your resolution, you will act a noble and a manly part ; but if when you have set about it, your courage fails you, and you make a voluntary submission, acknowledging the violence of your passion and your inability to hold out any longer, all's over with you ; you are undone, and may go hang yourself ; she will insult over you, when she finds you her slave.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

“ SIR,

“ **T** HIS is to inform you that Mr. Freeman had no sooner taken coach, but his lady was taken with a terrible fit of the vapors, which, it is feared, will make her miscarry, if not endanger her life ; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the good of the public, and you will oblige,

“ Your's,

“ A. NOEWILL.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ The uproar was so great, as soon as I had read the Spectator concerning Mrs. Freeman, that after many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swoon-

ing, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighboring lady (who says she has writ to you also,) she had nothing left for it but to fall in a fit. I had the honor to read the paper to her, and have a pretty good command of my countenance and temper on such occasions ; and soon found my historical name to be Tom Meggot in your writings, but concealed myself till I saw how it affected Mrs. Freeman.— She looked frequently at her husband, as often at me ; and she did not tremble as she filled tea till she came to the circumstance of Armstrong's writing out a piece of Tully for an opera tune : then she burst out, She was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged, and abused. The tea-cup was thrown into the fire ; and without taking vengeance on her spouse, she said to me, That I was a pretending coxcomb, a meddler that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an affair as between a man and his wife. To which Mr. Freeman, ' Madam, were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this way of writing to the Spectator, to inform a woman whom God and nature has placed under my direction, with what I request of her ; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many words, that you have for a long and tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the sense you ought to have of the subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the fellow without : Ha, Tom ! (here the footman entered and answered, Madam,) Sirrah, do you not know my voice ? look upon me when I speak to you : I say, Madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself, whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am,

from this hour, master of this house ; and my business in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such a manner as it shall be hereafter an honor to you to bear my name ; and your pride, that you are the delight, the darling, and ornament of a man of honor, useful and esteemed by his friends ; and I no longer one that has buried some merit in the world, in compliance to a froward humor which has grown upon an agreeable woman by his indulgence.' Mr. Freeman ended this with a tenderness in his aspect and a downcast eye, which shewed he was extremely moved at the anguish he saw her in ; for she sat swelling with passion, and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire ; when I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable sorrow she was in, to fall upon me : upon which I said, very seasonably for my friend, That indeed Mr. Freeman was become the common talk of the town ; and that nothing was so much a jest, as when it was said in company, Mr. Freeman has promised to come to such a place. Upon which the good lady turned her softness into downright rage, and threw the scalding tea-kettle upon your humble servant ; flew into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all women : others kept family dissatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement ; no apology was to be made to her, no expedient to be found, no previous manner of breaking what was amiss in her ; but all the world was to be acquainted with her errors, without the least admonition. Mr. Freeman was going to make a softening speech, but I interposed. Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken : this humor, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in one of your motherly cha-



racter. With that she lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's periwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend : he making signs at the same time that it was too much ; I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner she flew round and round the room in a moment, till the lady I spoke of above, and servants entered ; upon which she fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend : but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring the coach to the door, and we went off : I was forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's relations came to inquire after him : and Mrs. Freeman's mother writ a note, wherein she thought never to have seen this day, and so forth.

“ In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have no talents for : and I can observe already my friend looks upon me rather as a man that knows a weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescued him from slavery. Mr. *Spectator*, I am but a young fellow ; and if Mr. Freeman submits, I shall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word home he shall lie at Hampstead to night ; but I believe, fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great a place in this resolution. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister ; suppose I deliver him up, and article with the mother for her for bringing him home. If he has not courage to stand it (you are a great casuist), is it such an ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can ? What makes me doubt my man is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her ; and Captain *Sentry* will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, you are no

longer a commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this business handsomely.

"Your's,

T "TOM MEGGOT."



No. 217. THURSDAY, November 8, 1711.

BY MR. E. BUDGELL.

*Tunc femina simplex,*

*Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.*

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 326.

Th' immodest females raise a gen'ral sound,  
And thro' the wanton throng the chat goes round.

**I** SHALL entertain my reader to-day with some letters from my correspondents. The first of them is the description of a club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine, but am apt to fancy that the writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy: whether this be so or not, her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of persons who are represented in it, and whose characters are frequent enough in the world.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"In some of your first papers you were pleased to give the public a very diverting account of several clubs and nocturnal assemblies; but I am a member of a society which has wholly escaped your notice, I mean a club of she-romps. We take each a hackney-coach, and meet once a-week in a large upper-chamber, which we hire by the year for that purpose; our landlord and his family, who are quiet people, constantly contriving to be abroad on our club night. We

are no sooner come together than we throw off all that modesty and reservedness with which our sex are obliged to disguise themselves in public places. I am not able to express the pleasure we enjoy from ten at night till four in the morning, in being as rude as you men can be for your lives. As our play runs high, the room is immediately filled with broken fans, torn petticoats, lappets or head dresses, flounces, furbelows, garters, and working aprons. —I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the coaches we come in ourselves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our *dead men*, for so we call all those fragments and tatters with which the room is strewed, and which we pack up together in bundles, and put into the aforesaid coach. It is no small diversion for us to meet the next night at some member's chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her from this confused bundle of silks, stuffs, laces, and ribands. I have hitherto given you an account of our diversion on ordinary club-nights; but must acquaint you further, that once a month we *demolish a prude*, that is, we get some queer formal creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. Our last month's prude was so armed and fortified in whalebone and buckram, that we had much ado to come at her; but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober awkward thing looked when she was forced out of her intrenchments. In short, sir, it is impossible to give you a true notion of our sport, unless you would come one night amongst us; and though it be directly against the rules of our society to admit a male visitant, we repose so much confidence in your silence and taciturnity, that it was agreed by

the whole club, at our last meeting, to give you entrance for one night, as a spectator.

“ I am, your humble servant,

“ KITTY TERMAGANT.

“ P. S. We shall demolish a *prude* next Thursday.”

Though I thank Kitty for her kind offer, I do not at present find in myself any inclination to venture my person with her and her romping companions. I should regard myself as a second Clodius, intruding on the mysterious rites of the *bona Dea*, and should apprehend being demolished as much as the *prude*.

The following letter comes from a gentleman, whose taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least advance towards romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the subject of a whole Spectator ; in the mean time, take it as it follows, in his own words :

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ It is my misfortune to be in love with a young creature who is daily committing faults, which, though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good-humored ; but either wholly neglects, or has no notion of that which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the name of Delicacy. After our return from a walk the other day, she threw herself into an elbow-chair, and professed, before a large company, that *she was all over in a sweat*. She told me this afternoon that her *stomach ached* : and was complaining yesterday at dinner of something that *stuck in her teeth*. I treated her with a basket of fruit last summer, which she ate so very greedily as almost

made me resolve never to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want sense, if she takes these hints, I am happy ; if not, I am more than afraid, that these things, which shock me even in the behavior of a mistress, will appear insupportable in that of a wife.

" I am, Sir,

" Yours, &c."

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the account which she gives of herself.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I am happily arrived at a state of tranquillity, which few people envy, I mean that of an old maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley of follies which our sex is apt to contract from their silly fondness of your's, I read your railleries on us without provocation. I can say with Hamlet,

" ———Man delights not me,

" Nor woman neither"——

" Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige, at least one woman, who is

" Your humble servant,

" SUSANNA FROST."

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I am wife to a clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your tenth or tithe character of woman-kind (No. 209.) you meant myself ; therefore I have no quarrel against you for the other nine characters.

" Your humble servant,

X

" A. B."

No. 218. FRIDAY, November 9, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, saepe caveto.*

HOR. EP. 18. l. 1. v. 68.

Have a care

Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.

POOLY.

**I** HAPPENED the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond Aldgate ; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the *Spectator*. One said he had that morning drawn the great benefit ticket ; another wished he had ; but a third shook his head, and said it was a pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of a man, that it was no great matter whether he had or no. ‘He is, it seems,’ said the good man, ‘the most extravagant creature in the world : has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want ; a man, for all he talks so well of economy, unfit for any of the offices of life, by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend ; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one.’ Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness, but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general ; and I could not but pity such as were so weak as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative temper, to the advantage or diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved ei-

then by malice or good-will. It would be too long to expatiate upon the sense all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men to all who are capable of worthy actions ; but methinks one may divide the general word *fame* into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame, therefore, may be divided into glory, which respects the hero ; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman ; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to those characters of men, or rather are the life of those characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprizes, is impregnable ; and all the assailants of his renown do but shew their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumor, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded : and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behavior calumniated : besides which, according to a prevailing custom amongst us, every man has his defence in his own arm ; and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the

lanthorn and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name,—as, *Mr. Cash, Oh! do you leave your money at his shop? Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is, indeed, a general merchant.* I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name, hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you speak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemish to it. Since every body who knows the world is sensible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language of a merchant? It may possibly be in the power of a very shallow creature to lay the ruin of the best family in the most opulent city: and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his country; that is to say, the farther he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this case an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a rash sentence a free and generous fortune may, in a few days, be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phrase to the disfavor of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the consequence as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a gentleman? Land stands where it did before a gentleman was calumniated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is time, place, and occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader, who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armor against the inquisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonor. Fire and sword are slow



engines of destruction in comparison of the babbler in the case of the merchant.

For this reason I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with ; but he would never let any thing be urged against a merchant with whom he had any difference, except in a court of justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a merchant, was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that of all other subjects ; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides. T



No. 219. SATURDAY, November 10, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Vix ea nostra voco.*—

OVID. Met. l. 13. v. 141.

Such honors I scarce count our own.

**T**HERE are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and de-

lights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respect beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own, of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves, than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge and virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us, than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is, however, the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honor, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity, or mildness of temper, to princes; excellence, or

perfection, to ambassadors : grace to archbishops ; honor to peers ; worship, or venerable behavior, to magistrates ; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honor are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied ; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on ; and is asked by a grave attendant, how his Holiness does ? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles, at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honors are in this world under no regulation ; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character ; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men, in scripture, are called *strangers and sojourners upon earth*, and life a *pilgrimage*. Several Hea-

then, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. 'We are here,' says he, 'as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this,' says the philosopher, 'is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama, (a).

The part which was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive of contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life, the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, entitled, *The wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the vanity of honor, and the like temporal blessings, which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents, in very warm and noble terms, this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this.—“Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labors. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honor. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints (b) !”

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place (c). In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it would endeavor to surpass others in virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them ; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors,

make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C



No. 220. MONDAY, November 12, 1711.

BY MR. HUGHES and others.

*Rumoresque serit varios*——

VIRG. ÆN. 12. v. 228.

A thousand rumors spreads.

“ SIR,

“ **W**HY will you apply to my father for my love ? I cannot help it if he will give you my person ; but I assure you it is not in his power, nor even in my own, to give you my heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill consequence of such a match ; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and mightily conversant in arithmetic, and making calculations ; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine ; and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young lady ; but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you ; and so as you and my father agree, you may take me or leave me : but if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ HENRIETTA.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ There are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humor discovers itself a-

mong its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.\*

“ That feat of poetical activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated, as I have heard, by a modern writer ; who, priding himself on the hurry of his invention, thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minutely with the exact number of hours or days it cost him in the composition. He could taste no praise till he had acquainted you in how short a space of time he had deserved it ; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art as of his dispatch.

——— *Accipe si vis,*

*Accipiam tabulas ; detur nobis locus, hora,*

*Custodes : videamus uter plus scribere possit.*

HOR. SAT. 4. l. 1. v. 14.

Here's pen and ink, and time, and place, let's try  
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I.

CREECH.

“ This was the whole of his ambition ; and therefore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those laborious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

“ I have known a gentleman of another turn of humor, who, despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on his little finger was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit ; and there was

\* See Vol. I. No. 58, 63.

not a parlor or tavern window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

“ But of all contradictions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may, to his great comfort, be able to compose, or rather to erect, Latin verses (*a*). His tables are a kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator, to find that these words, being carefully corrected and writ down in order, according to the problem, start of themselves into hexameter and pentameter verses? A friend of mine, who is a student in astrology, meeting with this book, performed the operation by the rules there set down: he shewed his verses to the next of his acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin; and being informed they described a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a translation, to an almanac he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great storm.

“ I think the only improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham (*c*) mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, as the project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to make verses. This being the most compendious method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the thoughts



of our modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries for the public good ; and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an island where few are content without being thought wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as well as labor should be made cheap. I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your humble servant, &c.”\*

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I often dine at a gentleman’s house where there are two young ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their behavior, because they understand me for a person that is to break my mind, as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this way to acquaint them, that I am not in love with either of them, in hopes that they will use me with that agreeable freedom and indifference which they do all the rest of the world, and not to drink to one another only, but sometimes cast a kind look, with their service to,

“ Sir,

“ Your humble servant.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am a young gentleman, and take it for a piece of good breeding to pull off my hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray a woman into a salutation by way of jest or humor ; and yet, except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a rule, that she is to look upon this civility and homage I pay to her supposed merit as an impertinence or forwardness which she is to ob-

\* By Mr. Hughes.

serve and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the business of salutation ; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what gives an idea of merit ; or tell these creatures how to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have for them. My affairs are such that your decision will be a favor to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary expence of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present. I am, Sir,

“Your’s,

T. D.”

“P. S. There are some that do know me, and won’t bow to me.”



No. 221. TUESDAY, November 13, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

— *Ab ovo*

*Usque ad mala*—

HOR. SAT. 3. l. 1. v. 6.

From eggs, which first are set upon the board,  
To apples ripe, with which it last is stor’d.

**W**HEN I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher (*a*), which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favor. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that, it always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shews that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess, the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader, for which reason I consider it only as *a word to the wise*. But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better, if he understood the motto, replied, *That good wine needs no bush*.

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavored which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who, it seems, found themselves

so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other, finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quægenus*, adding, however, such explications to it, as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsentis*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This, in a very little time, thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottoes.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper; and having already dispatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in general; that the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir Roger; that L signi-

fies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the Trader, or merchant: but the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon or Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it* (says he) *on purpose that you should not know*. I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprised, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word *Abracadabra* (b).

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the *Tetractys*, that is, the number four (c), will know very well that the number ten, which is signified by the letter X, and which has so much perplexed the town, has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic writers the complete number; that one, two, three, and four put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A

man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex, in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in which, says he, you have the three following words,

‘Adam, Sheth, Enosh.’

He divided this short text into many parts ; and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr. Fuller's book of English worthies (*d*). This instance will, I hope, convince my readers, that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things. C



No. 222. WEDNESDAY, November 14, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,  
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus—*

HOR. Ep. 2. v. 183.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,  
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves. CREECH.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“THERE is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and have as often wondered to find

myself disappointed ; the rather because I think it a subject every way agreeable to your design, and by being left unattempted by others, it seems reserved as a proper employment for you ; I mean a disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that men of the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs ; such as, by their wise lessons of economy to others, have made it evident that they have the justest notions of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it—: from what unhappy contradictory cause it proceeds, that persons thus finished by nature and by art should so often fail in the management of that which they so well understand, and want the address to make a right application of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious inconsistency in behavior, and makes much such a figure in morals as a monstrous birth in naturals ; with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it happens much more frequently ; and what a blemish does it cast upon wit and learning in the general account of the world ? And in how disadvantageous a light does it expose them to the busy class of mankind, that there should be so many instances of persons who have so conducted their lives, in spite of these transcendant advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their friends ; when every body sees it was entirely in their own power to be eminent in both these characters ? For my part, I think there is no reflection more astonishing, than to consider one of these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, running in every body's debt without the least apprehension of a future reckoning, and at last leaving, not only his own children, but possibly those of other people, by his means, in starving circumstances ;

while a fellow whom one would scarce suspect to have a human soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of being very considerable in their country, and doing many illustrious services to it. That this observation is just, experience has put beyond all dispute. But, though the fact be so evident and glaring, yet the causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into the hidden sources of so unaccountable an evil. I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant.”

What this correspondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius, (*a*), whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, you might one day hear him speak the most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessaries, and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And indeed, if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in the character of Zimri.

“A man so various, that he seem’d to be  
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.  
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;



But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
In something new to wish, or to enjoy !  
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art :  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert."

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another ; and the reason that his expences are greater than another's is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their life's end is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not much perhaps thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to men-

tion the harmless smokers of tobacco and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit. They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption ; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, " No thanks to him ; if he had no business he would have nothing to do." T



No. 223. THURSDAY, November 15, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*O suavis anima ! qualem te dicam bonam  
Antehuc fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ (a) !*

PHÆDR. Fab. 1. l. 3. v. 6.

O sweet soul ! how good must you have been heretofore, when your remains are so delicious !

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck ; but the number of the last is very small.

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

VIRG. ÆN. 1. v. 112.

One here and there floats on the vast abyss.

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her, in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry ; she felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse ; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know, by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconstant lover, called Phaon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate, and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarnania, called Leu-

cate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho, so far as it regards the following ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend (*b*), whose admirable pastorals and winter-piece have been so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode, in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madam Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must further add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

## AN HYMN TO VENUS.

## I.

" O Venus ! beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
Full of love-perplexing wiles ;  
O, Goddess ! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

## II.

" If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress preferr'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
O, gentle Goddess ! hear me now.  
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confest.

## III.

" Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above :  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,  
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew,  
As to my bower they wing'd their way :  
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

## IV.

" The birds dismiss (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty car again :  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,  
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid ?

## V.

" What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,  
And by what cure to be assuag'd ?  
What gentle youth I would allure,  
Whom in my artful toils secure ?  
Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who ?

## VI.

" Though now he shuns thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted charms :

Though now thy off'rings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice ;  
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.

## VII.

"Celestial visitant, once more  
Thy needful presence I implore !  
In pity come and ease my grief,  
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,  
Favor thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
And give me all my heart desires."

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short, transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critick (c), who inserted it entire in his works, as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of this great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another paper. In the meanwhile I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation. C

No. 224. FRIDAY, November 16, 1711.

BY MR. JOHN HUGHES.

—*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*  
*Non minus ignotus generosis*—

HOR. SAT. 6. l. 1. v. 23.

—Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws,  
 With equal whirl, the noble and the base. CREECH.

**I**F we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavor to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigor of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures

as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes ; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable ; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind : it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit : for as the same humors, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory, in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honor. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward ; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps or herd had led ;



He that the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge : had he not met with those advantages, the same spark of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enabled him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than the variety of outsides and new appearances which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable ; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behavior or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has, likewise, upon this account, been frequently re-

sented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbor, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses ; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature : for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest ; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood : I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature ; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose, to consider it

as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so, this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance ; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. *A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him.* Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man, who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honor and dignity, allured by the splendor of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing : he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure : and yet, if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest ; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree,

and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man, indeed, who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way : but he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamored with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind ; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground ; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation ; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavor that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honor, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects : when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail ; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove

no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration ; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community ; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities ; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society ; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desire.



No. 225. SATURDAY, November 17, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Mulum numen abest si sit prudentia—*

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 365.

Prudence supplies the want of every good.

**I** HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others ; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words (*a*). This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest ; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend ; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behavior towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudent ; but the latter part of it, which regards our behavior towards a friend, savors more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and (as the son of Sirach calls him) (*b*) a bewrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action ; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion ; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence ; virtue itself looks like weakness ; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with,

and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence to the world ; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them : cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon ; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it ; cunning, when once it is detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life ; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare.

Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him.—The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not on-



ly as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence ; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every man to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy ; or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer, whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper, (*c*). " Wisdom is glorious and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel ; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her, is perfection of wisdom ; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favorably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought." C



No. 226. MONDAY, November 19, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— *Mutum est pictura poema.*

HOR.

A picture is a poem without words.

I HAVE very often lamented, and hinted my sorrow in several speculations (*b*), that the art of painting

is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labors of the pencil ? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expence of time, than what is taught by writings ; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchanal, the images of sleeping Cupids, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphinxes, or fawns ? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such draughts, were given us by the painter in the characters of real life, and the persons of men and women, whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous, we should not see a good history-piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartoons in her Majesty's gallery at Hampton-court : these are representations of no less actions than those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible, even from the faint traces in one's memory, of what one has not seen these two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole as-

somely when the mercenary man fell down dead ; at the amazement of the man born blind when he first receives sight ; or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer when he is struck blind. The lame, when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigor. The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments ; and the generous distress they are painted in when divine honors are offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the beauty of holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians, with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience ! You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep suspense, another saying there is some reason in what he says, another angry that the apostle destroys a favorite opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture, while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late sufferings, humility and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently, according to their characters. Peter receives his master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention : the two next with a more open ecstasy, though still constrained by the awe of the divine presence ; the

beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love ; and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence : which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter : and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world ; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure : But as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to the author, it is worthy her Majesty's name that she has encouraged that noble artist, Monsieur Dorigny, to publish these works of Raphael. We have of this gentleman a piece of the transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounties to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honor we can do our country to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind

ought to be neglected ; and a modest behavior should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landscapes, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. Boul exposes to sale by auction on Wednesday next, in Shandois-street. But having heard him commended, by those who have bought of him heretofore, for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself, though a laudable painter, say nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell ; I fear I should lose an occasion of serving a man of worth in omitting to speak of his auction. T



No. 227. TUESDAY, November 20, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

Ω μοι εγω τι παθω ; τι ο δυσσοος ? ἔχ' υπακχέεις ;  
 Ταν Βαιταν αποδύς εις κυματα τηνα αλευμαι  
 Ωπερ τως θυνηως σκοπιαζεται Ὀλπις ο γριπιεύς.  
 Κηκα μη ᾠθανω, το γε μαν τεον αδυ τετυκλαι.

THEOCR.

**I**N my last Thursday's paper (No. 223.) I made mention of a place called *the lover's leap*, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea

has, by length of time, overflowed and washed away ; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro ; and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of the Cape of St. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe, that Theocritus, in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of his despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner : ‘ Alas ! what will become of me ! wretch that I am ! will you not hear me ? I’ll throw off my clothes and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by Olphis the fisherman. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.’ I shall leave it with the critics to determine whether the place, which this shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover’s leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it ; which is, according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“The lover’s leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her passion for Leander. A man is in no danger of breaking his heart who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which ancient authors relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that very many persons who tried it, escaped, not only with their lives, but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it, why may we not suppose that the cold bath into which they plunged themselves had also some share in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt-waters, very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy produced by love is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it, I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the phrenzy produced by these two different causes be of the same nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means. I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“and well-wisher,

“ÆSCULAPIUS.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I am a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads

of it: A young gentleman, after having made his applications to me for three years together, and filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days since married another. Pray, tell me, in what part of the world your promontory lies, which you call *the lover's leap*, and whether one may go to it by land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in singing an hymn to Venus. So that I must cry out with Dido in *Dryden's Virgil*,

' Ah ! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love !'

" Your disconsolate servant,

" ATHENAIS."

" MISTER SPIC TATUR,

" My heart is so full of lofes and passions for Mrs. Gwinifred, and she is so pettish and over-run with cholers against me, that if I had the good happiness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther distance but twenty mile from the lofer's leap, I would indeed endeafour to preak my neck upon it on purpose. Now, good Mister *Spictatur* of Crete Pritain, you must know it, there is in Caernarvonshire a fery pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which iss named Penmainmaure, and you must also know, it iss no crete journey on foot from me ; but the road is stony and bad for shooes. Now, there is upon the forehead of this mountain a fery high rock (like a parish steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the sea ; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do tesire my fery good friend to tell me in his Spictatur, if I shall be cure of my griefous lofes ; for there is the sea clear as the class, and ass creen as the leek : then likewise if I be drown, and preak



my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifred will not lose me afterwards. Pray, be speedy in your answers, for I am in crete heste, and it is my tesires to do my busines without loss of time. I remain, with cordial affections, your ever losing friend,

“DAVYTH ap SHENKYN.”

“*P. S.* My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes ; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin ; for I am apt to take colds.”

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice ; and I am of opinion that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish, very speedily, the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the lover's leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

C

No. 228. WEDNESDAY, November 21, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.*

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 69.

Shun the inquisitive and curious man ;

For what he hears he will relate again.

POOLY.

**T**HERE is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behavior in all the occurrences of common life, but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man, upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence ; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humor is far from making a man unhappy, tho' it may subject him to raillery ; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different

sexes, in these two characters, to supply each others wants. I had the honor the other day to sit in a public room and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an uneasy countenance, he began ; " There is no manner of news to-day. I cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night ; whether I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week : it must be so, for the custom of washing my head winter and summer with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way ; so it must come in at my feet : but I take no notice of it ; as it comes so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness ; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The Indian answered very well to an European, who asked him how he could go naked ; I am all face."

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been ; but somebody calling our talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. Such-a-one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning ; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of conversation ; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another : they are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their behavior, may them-

selves mend that inconvenience ; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A farther account of a thing is one of the gratefulest goods that can arrive to them ; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, the town will have it, or I have it from a good hand ; so that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humor more ridiculous than in a father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his son has passed away his leisure hours : if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than an inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps : but this humor among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could over-hear, by breaks, She was his aunt ; then an answer, Ay, she was of the mother's side : then again, in a little lower voice, His father wore generally a darker wig ; answer, Not much. But this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.

As the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them : for the same temper of inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative : but no man, though he converses with them need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is

fuel enough, no matter what it is.—Thus the ends of sentences in the newspapers, as, *this wants confirmation, this occasions many speculations, and time will discover the event*, are read by them, and considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humor accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humor and pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world ; and, like myself, to be a mere spectator. This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know, from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, sentiments, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions, than in their night-caps and long periwigs (a) ?

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Plutarch tells us, that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passions into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, and so strained his voice, as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenious servant, by name Licinius, always attending him with a pitch-pipe or instrument to regulate the voice ; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note ; at which, it is said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

“Upon recollecting this story, I have frequently wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years; which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected, that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants; but granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist, who works for the Royal Society, almost completed my design, and shall be ready, in a short time, to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time, I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen, who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write, *Get a Licinius*.

“I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes, which shall be left for you with Buckley; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since, as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy. I am,

“Sir, &c.

W. B.”

“I had almost forgot to inform you, that, as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I call a hush note; and this is to

be made use of against a long story, swearing, obsceneness, and the like. T

No. 229. THURSDAY, November 22, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—*Spirat adhuc amor*

*Vivuntque commissi calores*

*Æolia fidibus puella.*

HOR. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 10.

Sappho's charming lyre

Preserves her soft desire,

And tunes our ravish'd souls to love.

CREECH.

AMONG the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declares he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed, he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures, in that *gusto*, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue, is still called Michael Angelo's school.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure above-mentioned is among the statuary and painters.—Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it, in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the

person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original ; the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired, (see No. 223.)

## AD LESBIAM.

- ‘ Ille mi par esse deo videtur,  
 ‘ Ille, si fas est, superare divos,  
 ‘ Qui sedens adversus identidem te  
     ‘ Spectat, et audit.  
 ‘ Dulce ridentem ; misero quod omnis  
 ‘ Eripit sensus mihi : nam simul te,  
 ‘ Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi  
     ‘ Quod loquar amens.  
 ‘ Lingua sed torpet : tenuis sub artus  
 ‘ Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte  
 ‘ Tinniunt aures : gemina teguntur  
     ‘ Lumina nocte.’

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in Italic letters (*b*) : and if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam Dacier has told us, that this ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus ; since it is manifest to any one who looks into the author’s quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment which I shall here cite is that of Monsieur Boileau.



- ' Heureux ! qui près de toi, pour toi seul soupire :  
 ' Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler :  
 ' Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.  
 ' Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaliser ?  
 ' Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme  
 ' Courir par tout mon corps, si tôt que je te vois :  
 ' Et dans les doux transports où s'égare mon âme,  
 ' Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.  
 ' Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vue,  
 ' Je n'entends plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;  
 ' Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, expirant,  
 ' Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.'

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion, of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

## I.

- ' Blest as the immortal gods is he,  
 ' The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 ' And hears and sees thee all the while  
 ' Softly speak and sweetly smile.

## II.

- ' 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
 ' And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;  
 ' For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,  
 ' My breath was gone, my voice was lost ;

## III.

- ' My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame  
 ' Ran quick through all my vital frame :  
 ' O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
 ' My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

## IV.

- ' In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;  
 ' My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;  
 ' My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
 ' I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.'

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince when those symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress. The story of Antiochus is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

C

No. 230. FRIDAY, November 23, 1711.

BY MR. JOHN HUGHES and STEELE.

*Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.*

TULL.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

**H**UMAN nature appears a very deformed or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of enflamed passions, or of wicked designs, tearing one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery ; when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means ; when we behold men mixed in society as if it were for the destruction of it—we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humor with our own being. But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's wants,—we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view, they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good ; and the greatest compliment we have ever been able to make to our own being, has been, by calling this disposition of mind, Humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper instance of this, than by a letter from Pliny, in which he re-

commends a friend in the most handsome manner ; and, methinks, it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

“ TO MAXIMUS.

“ What I should gladly do for any friend of yours, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. Arrianus Maturius is the most considerable man of his country ; when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful : but to his integrity, justice, gravity, and prudence : his advice is useful to me in business, and his judgment in matters of learning : his fidelity, truth, and good understanding, are very great ; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that is aspiring : and though he might rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior rank : yet I think myself bound to use my endeavors to serve and promote him : and would therefore find the means of adding something to his honors while he neither expects nor knows it ; nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honorable, but not troublesome : and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this kind that offers ; by which you will not only oblige me, but him also ; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your favor as if he had asked it.”

BY STEELE.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ The reflections in some of your papers on the servile manner of education now in use, have given

birth to an ambition which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, though not ungrateful, adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous page in Virgil or Homer may be read by them with much pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

“ Could I prevail so far as to be honored with the protection of some few of them (for I am not hero enough to rescue many), my desire is to retire with them to an agreeable solitude; though within the neighborhood of a city, for the convenience of their being instructed in music, dancing, drawing, designing, or any other such accomplishments; which it is conceived may make as proper diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid games which dirty school-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as perhaps not unentertaining parties amongst better company, commended and caressed for their little performances, and turned by such conversations to a certain gallantry of soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite English writers. Thus, having given them some tolerable taste of books, they would make themselves masters of the Latin tongue by methods far easier than those in Lilly, with as little difficulty or reluctance as young ladies learn to speak French or to sing Italian operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their taste something more exactly: one that had any true relish of fine writing, might, with great pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best Roman historians, poets and

orators, and point out their more remarkable beauties; give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive humor so natural to that age. Such of them as had the least spark of genius, when it was once awakened by the shining thoughts and great sentiments of those admired writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult sister-language, whose exalted beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole learned world. In the meanwhile, it would be requisite to exercise their style in writing any light pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment: and that frequently in their native language, which every one, methinks, should be most concerned to cultivate, especially letters, in which a gentleman must have so frequent occasions to distinguish himself. A set of genteel good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of life, would form almost a little academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible companions, as might not often tempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favorite plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakespeare.—The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favorable judges, Cæsar a second time be taught to tremble, and another race of Athenians be fresh enraged at the ambition of another Philip.—Amidst these noble amusements, we could hope to

see the early dawns of their imagination daily brighten into sense, their innocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced good-nature directed to a generous love of their country.

T

“ I am, &c.”



No. 231. SATURDAY, November 24, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*O pudor ! O pietas !*

MARTIAL.

*O modesty ! O piety !*

**L**OOKING over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ You, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home. One would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting altogether upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able

to speak or move; and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

“As this sudden desertion of one’s self shews a diffidence which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favor much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young singer (*a*), whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance recommended her no less than her agreeable voice and just performance. Mere bashfulness, without merit, is awkward; and merit, without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders. I am, &c.” (*b*).

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which, says my friend, you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.



But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech; and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice, that the bravest men often appear timorous on those occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

— *Lingua melior, sed frigida bello*

*Dextera*—

VIRG. ÆN. 11. v. 338

— Bold at the council board;

But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword.

DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances, in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings: namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer (*c*).

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring, as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard,

to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, That if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behavior; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imagina-

ry occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not, upon any consideration, be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought.—Decency of behavior, all outward shew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonor. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate, abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance

for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are ; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

C



No. 232. MONDAY, November 26, 1711.

BY MR. JOHN HUGHES.

*Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.*

SALLUST.

By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

**M**Y wise and good friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country ; his time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune, and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat, within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather in Sir *Andrew*, labor and rest, recommend each other : they take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man ; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humor, and yet sometimes too with an air of care in his looks ; but in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I could desire ; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung

upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey, with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

“ Well then (says Sir *Andrew*,) we go off with the prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and perhaps too our healths will be drank at the next ale-house: so all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is, that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the excises of the government. But how few ounces of wool do we see upon the backs of these poor creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, they will hardly be better drest; they must always live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If their families too are such as are represented, it is certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed; one would think potatoes should be all their bread, and their drink the pure element, and then what goodly customers are the farmers like to have for their wool, corn and cattle? Such customers, and such a consumption, cannot choose but advance the landed interest, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen!

“ But of all men living, we merchants, who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the product of the lands, but much the greatest part of their value is the labor of the people: but how much of these people’s labor shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the

parish, or to ask it in the street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the labor of his own hands; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a multitude of new laborers as would, in all probability, reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make his outset as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labor upon all our manufactures. This too would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets: the abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of laboring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman; our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of laborers, must be equally pernicious to both."

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, "That the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man:" but observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. "It may seem (says he) a paradox, that the price of labor should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the laborer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both these things may happen. The wages of the labor-

ers make the greatest part of the price of every thing that is useful ; and if, in proportion with the wages, the prices of all other things should be abated, every laborer, with less wages, would still be able to purchase as many necessaries of life ; where then would be the inconvenience ? But the price of labor may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings : one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavor to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by only one man as a hundred watches by a hundred ; for, as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it ; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last, but clumsily performed : but, if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist : as there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition ; and the hundred watches would be finished in one fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it ; all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus, an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them ;

the laborer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life ; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.

“ Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our fore-fathers, that after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song ;

‘ Hang sorrow, and cast away care,

‘ The parish is bound to find us, &c.’

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us *The merry beggars*.

“ What then ? Am I against all acts of charity ? God forbid ! I know of no virtue in the gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice, *I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat ; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink ; naked, and ye clothed me not ; a stranger, and ye took me not in ; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not*. Our blessed Saviour treats the exercise or neglect of charity towards a poor man as the performance or breach of this duty towards himself. I shall endeavor to obey the will of my Lord and Master : and therefore if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labor and coarsest fare rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked ; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter a-



gainst persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should contribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can ; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an alms-house of idle people, and, for the same reason, I should not think it a reproach to me, if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise ; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken customs of our country : but, at the same time, I cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered, in the name of heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from Christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never to be relieved.”

Z



No. 233. TUESDAY, November 27, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,  
Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.*

VIRG. Ecl. 10. v. 60.

As if by these my sufferings I could ease,  
Or by my pains the god of love appease. DRYDEN.

**I** SHALL, in this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public (No. 227.), by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those

records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo, upon the promontory of Leucate : it is a short history of the lover's leap, and is inscribed, *An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.*

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality had I translated it at full length ; I have therefore made an abridgement of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate, of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician : got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus ; and Æschines, her husband, being in love with Eurilla ; (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent ; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years ; she stood upon

the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

*N. B.* Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with Daphnis the Mindian, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it.

Eridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoc, the wife of Thespiis, escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out, and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Miletian, and, after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

*N. B.* Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to

this leap ; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamored of Bathyllus, leaped, and died of his fall ; upon which, his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras the usurer, in love with his cook-maid : he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinsedus, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

*N. B.* This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming soon enough to his relief.

Sappho the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards

to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

*Leaped in this Olympiad* 250

Males 124

Females 126

*Cured* 120

Males 51

Females 69

C

No. 234. WEDNESDAY, November 28, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus.*

HOR. SAT. 3. l. 1. v. 41.

I wish this error in our friendship reign'd. CREECH.

**Y**OU very often hear people, after a story has been told with some entertaining circumstances, tell it over again with particulars that destroy the jest, but give light into the truth of the narration. This sort of veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occasions. If such honest amendments do not promise an agreeable companion, they do a sincere friend; for which reason one should allow them so much of our time, if we fall into their company, as to set us right in matters that can do us no manner of harm, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies which are told out of arrogance and ostentation a man should detect in his own defence, because he should not be triumphed over; lies which are told out of malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of mankind, because every man should rise against a common enemy; but the officious liar many have argued, is to be excused, because it does some man good, and no man hurt. The man who made more than ordinary speed from a fight in which the Athenians were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmost joy and exultation, was checked by the ma-

gistrates for this falsehood ; but excused himself by saying, O Athenians ! am I your enemy because I gave you two happy days ? This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does every day he lives in some eminent degree to particular persons. He is ever lying people into good humor, and as Plato said it was allowable in physicians to lie to their patients to keep up their spirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behavior is not as excusable. His manner is to express himself surprised at the cheerful countenance of a man whom he observes diffident of himself ; and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary, does not applaud him with that heartiness which formerly he has heard him ? He said, indeed, continues he, I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in England ; but for an enemy—— This melts the person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright railing from that side. According as he sees his practices succeed, he goes to the opposite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some people know one another so little ; you spoke with so much coldness of a gentleman who said more good of you than, let me tell you, any man living deserves. The success of one of these incidents was, that the next time that one of the adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the public street, and they must crack a bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eye-shot. He will tell one beauty she was commended by another ; nay, he will say she gave the woman he speaks to

the preference in a particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest confusion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices; you shall have a visit returned after half a year's absence, and mutual railing at each other every day of that time. They meet, with a thousand lamentations for so long a separation, each party naming herself for the greatest delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole train of railers of each side tire their horses in setting matters right, which they have said during the war between the parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments, instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's falsehood occasion, has been, that he turned detraction into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world; and by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

### TO THE SPECTATOR.

"SIR, . . . . . " *Devonshire, Nov. 14. 1711.*

"There arrived in this neighborhood two days ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who, being attended at his entry with a servant of his own, besides a countryman he had taken up for a guide, excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence and



what he might be. The countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of access) knew little more than that the gentleman came from London to travel and see fashions, and was, as he heard say, a free-thinker (*a*); what religion that might be he could not tell; and for his own part, if they had not told him the man was a free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a heathen; excepting only that he had been a good gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one day, over and above what they had bargained for.

“I do not look upon the simplicity of this, and several odd inquiries with which I shall not trouble you, to be wondered at, much less can I think that our youths of fine wit and enlarged understandings have any reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every squire in Great-Britain should know what the word free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade themselves a man is really and truly a free-thinker, in any tolerable sense, merely by virtue of his being an atheist or an infidel of any other distinction. It may be doubted, with good reason, whether there ever was in nature a more abject, slavish, and bigotted generation than the tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this island. Their pretension to be free-thinkers is no other than rakes have to be free-livers, and savages to be free-men; that is, they can think whatever they have a mind to, and give themselves up to whatever conceit the extravagancy of their inclination or their fancy shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their wit should be controlled by

such formal things as decency and common sense : deduction, coherence, consistency, and all the rules of reason, they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for men of a liberal education.

“ This, as far as I could ever learn from their writings, or my own observation, is a true account of a British free-thinker. Our visitant here, who gave occasion to this paper, has brought with him a new system of common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself whether it contain any thing worth Mr. *Spectator's* notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of mankind, if you would take this subject into your consideration, and convince the hopeful youth of our nation, that licentiousness is not freedom ; or, if such a paradox will not be understood, that a prejudice towards Atheism is not impartiality. I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

T,

“ PHILONOUS.”



No. 235. THURSDAY, November 29, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—*Populares*

*Vincentem strepitus.*—

HORS. ARS. POET. v. 81.

Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit. ROSCOMMON.

**T**HERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions ; and, as among these, there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing

that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the *trunk-maker in the upper gallery*. Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions, with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the play-house thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant, with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both

hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way, with exceeding vehemence : after which he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time ; and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time ; which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered ; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigor this season. He sometimes plies at the opera ; and, upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget (*a*), and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakespeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair, at their

own cost, whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the meanwhile, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads, like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar. (*Æneid*. I. 85.)

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation: his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head.—The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good au-

thor is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crabtree-cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity.

C

No. 236. FRIDAY, November 30, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— *Dare jura maritis.* HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 398.

With laws connubial tyrants to restrain.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"**Y**OU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the subject of marriage as that important case

deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the peculiarity in the youth of Great-Britain, of railing and laughing at that institution: and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

“Particular circumstances and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasiness in that state (for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal friendship); but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to teaze and torment another for no reason but being nearly allied to him; and can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a man so much below his own distinguishing characteristic (I mean reason), than returning evil for good in so open a manner as that of treating an helpless creature with unkindness, who has had so good an opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned, even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindness, for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honor is engaged for the performing his promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his word, and be alone the occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

“ There is one cause of this usage, no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men ; and that is, the desire to appear to their friends free, and at liberty, and without those trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may seem masters. Because an uncontrollable command of their own actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they won't so much as recede from the government, even in one muscle of their faces. A kind look they believe would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this must we attribute an austerity they betray in every action : what but this can put a man out of humor in his wife's company, though he is so distinguishingly pleasant everywhere else ? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frown to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too submissive is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected moroseness ; but if it be such only, put on to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present evil : his seeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt ; and if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his wife forever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

“ However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred person has no small share in this clownish behavior : a discourse therefore relating to good-breeding towards a loving and tender wife would be of great use to this sort of gentlemen.— Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentle-



man, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal betrays any softness or effeminacy that the most masculine disposition need be ashamed of: could you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civility, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; could you recommend to people's practice the saying of the gentleman, quoted in one of your speculations, "That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the inclinations of a woman of merit go along with her duty;" could you (I say) persuade these men of the beauty and reasonableness of this sort of behavior—I have so much charity for some of them at least to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow; besides, you would recommend that state in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable colors; and the gentlemen who have for any time been such professed enemies to it, when occasion should serve, would return you their thanks for assisting their interest in prevailing over their prejudices.—Marriage in general would by this means be a more easy and comfortable condition; the husband would be nowhere so well satisfied as in his own parlor, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband; a desire of being agreeable in the lover would be increased in the husband, and the mistress be more amiable by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the race of men grow wiser as their progenitors grew kinder, and the affection of their parents would be conspicuous in the wisdom of their children; in short, men would in general be much better humored than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best."

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I am a woman who left the admiration of this whole town, to throw myself (for love of wealth) into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who languished for me ; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a tractable creature. But, alas, my spouse has cunning and suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds ; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behavior, he looks upon as the first act towards an insurrection against his undeserved dominion over me. Let every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember

“TRISTISSA.”

“*St. Martin's, November 25.*”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“This is to complain of an evil practice, which I think very well deserves a redress, though you have not as yet taken any notice of it : if you mention it in your paper, it may perhaps have a very good effect. What I mean is the disturbance some people give to others at church, by their repetition of the prayers after the minister, and that not only in the prayers, but also the absolution and the commandments fair no better, which are in a particular manner the priest's office. This I have known done in so audible a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by people seemingly devout. This irreligious inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive ; but I do not recommend it as a thing I

give you liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare mention. Sir,

“ Your very humble servant,

T

“ T. S.”



No. 237. SATURDAY, December 1, 1711.

BY MR. HUGHES.

*Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.* SENECA in *Œdip.*

The blind see truth by halves.

**I**T is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the government of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various, as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect.

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall perhaps add to their infelicity, and bewilder

them into labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements : he would not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

‘ Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
‘ In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high  
‘ Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate ;  
‘ Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute ;  
‘ And found no end, in wand’ring mazes lost\*.’

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falsehood : and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events, which happen to the wise and the good ; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish ; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of

\* Par. Lost, B. 2. l. 557.

the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice ; and lays it down as a principle, That whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject (*a*), in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil ; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, *That nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin ; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercised with labor, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion, the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, *That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings ; to which he adds, That it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.*

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honor in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly ; on, according to the elegant

figure in holy writ, *We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.* It is to be considered, that Providence in its economy regards the whole system of time and things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely separated in time ; and by loosing so many links of the chain, our reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye, before whom past, present, and to come, are set together in one point of view : and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may, in the consummation of things, both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequents, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain ; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an

infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier, missing his purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: 'Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: the child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.' C



No. 238. MONDAY, December 3, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures;*

*Resque quod non es —* PERSIUS, Sat. 4. v. 50.

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear;

'Tis fulsome stuff to please thy itching ear.

Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,

But what thou art.—

DRYDEN.

**A**MONG all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical, or more pernicious, than the love of flattery. For, as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence; so in this disorder of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned; for, like music, it

‘ ——— So softens and disarms the mind,  
 ‘ That not one arrow can resistance find.’

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favors we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us, by our self-love, as justice done to the man who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which, perhaps, suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and, instead of a miserable copy, become a good original; for, there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may, in its own peculiar cast and turn, be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behavior, will, like Manly in the play (*α*), please by



the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with ; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable ; for it is laudable to praise well ; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward ; both are pleased ; the one whilst he receives the recompense of merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it ; but above all, that man is happy in his art who, like a skilful painter, retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst, with an undesigned sincerity, they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valor, conduct, and success in war : How must a man have his heart fullblown with joy in such an article of glory as this ? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments ?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem

when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favor or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, self-love, and detraction. Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humor of the company, if it centre not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired; and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects: but by this very method he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment; and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise: and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honor and applause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt: but it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes: as in a thermometer it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“The translations which you have lately given us

from the Greek, in some of your last papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors ; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters, which pass under the name of Aristænetus. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite ; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language, and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated (*c*), but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a style so far differing from the authors, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own sense and thoughts than to have endeavored to render those of Aristænetus. In the following translation I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of *Pigmalion* and the statue in *Ovid* : some of the thoughts are of the same turn ; and the whole is written in a kind of poetical prose."

" *PHILOPINAX TO CROMATION.*

" Never was man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture.— My own skill has undone me ; it is not the dart of *Venus*, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me ! with what anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own idol ? How miserable am I, while every one must as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and own my torment more than equal to my art ? But why do I thus complain ? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural

passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phædra, Narcissus, and Pasiphæ. Phædra was unhappy in her love; that of Pasiphæ was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image, which ever eluded his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and him thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her presence continually; and if I touch her, I destroy not the beauteous form, but she looks pleased, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were issuing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my hopes, how often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace; whilst she, as to me it seemed, only withheld her tongue the more to inflame me? But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beauteous face and flowing hair, and thus waste myself and melt to tears for a shadow? Ah, sure it is something more, it is a reality! for see, her beauties shine out with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty!"

T

No. 239. TUESDAY, December 4, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

— *Bella, horrida bella !*

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 86.

Wars, horrid wars !

DRYDEN.

**I** HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, till he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotelic you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force : the one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The universities of Europe for many years carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the *argumentum basilinum* (others write it *bacilinum* or *baculinum*), which is pretty well expressed in our English word *club-law*. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in those polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile (to make use of a military term) where the partisans used to encounter, for which reason it still retains the name of Logic-lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boast, that when he was a young fellow, he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists, (*a*), and cudgelled a body of Smiglesians (*b*) half the length of High-street, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humor, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid on him with so many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up a hun-

dred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch (*c*) was so sensible of his strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima regum*, The logic of kings ; but, God be now thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the question when he had visibly the better of the dispute ; ' I am never ashamed (says he) to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions.'

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll: and another, which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments according to the celebrated line in Hudibras (*d*).

But the most notable way of managing a controversy, is that which we may call *arguing by torture*. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield (*e*). These disputants convince their adversaries with a *Sorites* (*f*), commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candor, sense, and ingenuity of those who had

the right on their side ; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding ; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant ; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling ; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the *Spectator*. C





No. 240. WEDNESDAY, December 5, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— *Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.*

Mart. Ep. 17. l. 1.

Of such materials, Sir, are books compos'd.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

**I** AM of one of the most genteel trades in the city, and understand thus much of liberal education, as to have an ardent ambition of being useful to mankind, and to think that the chief end of being as to this life. I had these good impressions given me from the handsome behavior of a learned, generous, and wealthy man towards me, when I first began the world. Some dissatisfaction between me and my parents made me enter into it with less relish of business than I ought; and to turn off this uneasiness I gave myself to criminal pleasures, some excesses, and a general loose conduct. I know not what the excellent man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the superiority of his wisdom and merit, to throw himself frequently into my company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating; and his conversation made me sensible of satisfactions in a regular way which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told me, he had long labored to ripen me into a preparation to receive his friendship and advice, both which I should daily command, and the use of any part of his fortune, to apply the measures he should propose to me for the improvement of my

own. I assure you, I cannot recollect the goodness and confusion of the good man when he spoke to this purpose to me without melting into tears : but in a word, Sir, I must hasten to tell you that my heart burns with gratitude towards him, and he is so happy a man, that it can never be in my power to return him his favors in kind, but I am sure I have made him the most agreeable satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to serve others to my utmost ability, as far as is consistent with the prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. *Spectator*, I do not owe to him only the good-will and esteem of my own relations, who are people of distinction, the present ease and plenty of my circumstances, but also the government of my passions and regulation of my desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy friend bear as great a figure as actions which are more glittering in the common estimation. What I would ask of you is, to give us a whole *Spectator* upon heroic virtue in common life, which may incite men to the same generous inclinations as have by this admirable person been shewn to, and raised in, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I am a country gentleman of a good plentiful estate, and live, as the rest of my neighbors, with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favorite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies all around, where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my spurs in their petticoats whilst I moved amongst them ; and on the other side how prettily they curt-

sied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders or their betters dispatched by me. But so it is, Mr *Spectator*, that all our good-breeding is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town-gentleman, who came lately among us : this person, wherever he came into a room, made a profound bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room, by passing by them in a continued bow, till he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion ; and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs ; and our conversation is at a stand till we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation : which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as,

“ Your humble servant,

“ RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,      “ *December 3, 1711.*

“ I was the other night at Philaster, where I expected to hear your famous trunk-maker, but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by vociferation, or talking loud, and partly by his bodily agility. This was a very lusty fellow, but withal a sort of beau, who, getting into one of the side-boxes on the stage before the curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole audience his activity by leaping over the

the spikes ; he passed from thence to one of the entering doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine clothes, made two or three faint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appeared at the other door : here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then shewed his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white ; after this he retired behind the curtain, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

“During the time of acting he appeared frequently in the prince’s apartment, made one at the hunting match, and was very forward in the rebellion (*a*). If there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable : but since her majesty’s late command has made it criminal (*b*), you have authority to take notice of it. Sir,

“Your humble servant,

T†

“CHARLES EASY.”

† Communicated from the Letter-box.

No. 241. THURSDAY, December 6, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Semperque relinqui*

*Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur*

*Ire viam——*

VIRG. *Æn.* 4. v. 466.

——She seems alone

To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,

Guideless and dark.

DRYDEN.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

**T**HOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any method how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate: but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him; and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair and fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in,

and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us.— I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good humor when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood. I am, Sir,

“Your very humble servant,

“ASTERIA.”

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid's epistles are full of them. Otway's *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject.

————— ‘It was not kind

- ‘To leave me, like a turtle, here alone,
- ‘To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
- ‘When thou art from me, every place is desert ;
- ‘And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
- ‘Thy presence only ’tis can make me blest,
- ‘Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.’

ORPHAN, Act II.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by

Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Scudery's Roman<sup>ces</sup>, a couple of honorable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiments with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his prolusions (Pro. 6.), gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had

such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned needles; the reader would not have been a



little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the four-and-twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as *flames, darts, die, languish, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains, in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle. C



No. 242. MONDAY, December 7, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere*

*Sudoris minimum* —

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 168.

To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task:

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“**Y**OUR speculations do not so generally prevail over men's manners as I could wish. A former paper of your's (No. 132.) concerning the misbehavior of people, who are necessarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting admonition against transgressions of that kind: but I had the fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a stage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us (for there was no man besides himself) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon

No. 243. SATURDAY, December 8, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides : quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientia.* TULL. Offic.

You see, my son Marcus, the very shape and countenance, as it were, of virtue : which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

**I** DO not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which, by devout men, generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world, under the name of honor.

Hypocrisy itself does great honor, or rather justice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man (says he) who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit ; nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds when we read his story ; nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man ; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections ; and therefore did not only suppose that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character ; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who, by their very admiration of it, are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others; and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved are, justice, charity, munificence, and in short all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their ha-

tred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honor, who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us in the forementioned passage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue, though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honor exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause (*b*), not of their cause to promote religion. C



No. 244. MONDAY, December 10, 1711.

BY STEELE,

—*Judex et callidus audis.* HOR. Sat. 7. 2. v. 101.

A judge of painting you, and man of skill. CREECH.

“*Covent-Garden, December 7.*

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“**I** CANNOT, without a double injustice, forbear expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole

clan of virtuosos have received from those hints which you have lately given the town on the cartoons of the inimitable Raphæl (No. 226). It should be, methinks, the business of a *Spectator* to improve the pleasures of sight, and there cannot be a more immediate way to it than recommending the study and observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphæl which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better; but at last, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them; like wise speeches, they sunk deep into my heart; for you know, Mr. *Spectator*, that a man of wit may extremely affect one for the present, but if he has no discretion, his merit soon vanishes away, while a wise man that has not so great a stock of wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction: just so it is in a picture that is smartly touched, but not well studied; one may call it a witty picture, though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perspective, architecture and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural coloring, and such passions and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphæl; this is what you may justly style a wise picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, till we can assemble all our faculties to make but a tolerable judgment upon it. Other pictures are made for the eyes only; as rattles are made for children's ears; and certainly that picture which only pleases the eye, without representing

some well chosen part of nature or other, does but shew what fine colors are to be sold at the color-shop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the best imitator of Nature is not to be esteemed the best painter, but he that makes the greatest show and glare of colors, it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy draperies is best drest, and he that can speak loudest the best orator. Every man when he looks on a picture should examine it according to that share of reason he is master of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men as they walk abroad would make more frequent observations on those beauties of nature which every moment present themselves to their view, they would be better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those errors which most pretenders fall into, who are over-hasty in their judgments, and will not stay to let reason come in for a share in the decision. It is for want of this that men mistake in this case, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent fellow for a man of true courage and bravery, hasty and unreasonable actions for enterprises of spirit and resolution, gaudy coloring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating discourse for simple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too; and the virtuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your terms of art. As the shadows in a picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the lights do the bright and lively thoughts: as there should be but one forcible light in a picture, which should catch the eye and fall on the hero, so there should be but,

one object of our love, even the Author of nature. These and the like reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that art, and prevent young people from being poisoned by the ill gusto of any extravagant workman that should be imposed upon us. I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Though I am a woman, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleased with a speculation you obliged the world with some time ago (No. 209.) from an old Greek poet you call Simonides, in relation to the several natures and distinctions of our own sex. I could not but admire how justly the characters of women in this age fall in with the times of Simonides, there being no one of those sorts I have not at some time or other of my life met with a sample of. But, Sir, the subject of this present address are a set of women, comprehended, I think, in the ninth species of that speculation, called the Apes; the description of whom I find to be, “ That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavor to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others.” Now, Sir, this sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great town where you live; but as my circumstance of life obliges me to reside altogether in the country, though not many miles from London, I cannot have met with a great number of them, nor indeed is it a desirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You must know, Sir, that at the beginning of this summer a family of these apes came and settled for the season not far from the place where I live. As they were strangers



in the country, they were visited by the ladies about them, of whom I was one, with a humanity usual in those that pass most of their time in solitude. The apes lived with us very agreeably our own way till towards the end of the summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to town; then it was, Mr. *Spectator*, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing business of their character; and, as it is said of evil spirits, that they are apt to carry away a piece of the house they are about to leave, the apes, without regard to common mercy, civility, or gratitude, thought fit to mimic and fall foul on the faces, dress, and behavior of their innocent neighbors, bestowing abominable censures and disgraceful appellations, commonly called nicknames, on all of them; and, in short, like true fine ladies, made their honest plainness and sincerity matter of ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these grievances, as well at the desire of all the parties injured, as from my own inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose entirely to reform this evil, you will take such notice of it in some of your future speculations as may put the deserving part of our sex on their guard against these creatures; and, at the same time, the apes may be sensible, that this sort of mirth is so far from an innocent diversion, that it is, in the highest degree, that vice which is said to comprehend all others. I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“CONSTANTIA FIELD”

No. 245. TUESDAY, December 11, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 338.

Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

**T**HERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers (*a*) tell a story of their founder, St. Francis, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colors. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakespeare expresses it, *hackney'd in*

*the ways of men*, may here find a picture of its follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know, in speculation, what they could never arrive at by practice ; and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

“ SIR,

“ I could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night, for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera or at the play-house. I would gladly know, in particular, what notion you have of hot cockles (*b*) ; as also, whether you think that questions and commands, mottos, similies, and cross purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we, who are masters of families, should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent ; for which reason I have not mentioned either whisk or lanterloo, nor, indeed, so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these

tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. — Though she be young, and handsome, and good-humored to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night ; for he is not one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a play-house. When we are together, we very often make a party at *blind man's buff*, which is a sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hood-wink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of them ; for you must know we hide ourselves up and down in corners, that we may have the more sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such innocent diversions as I would have you recommend ; and am, most esteemed Sir,

“ Your ever loving friend,

“ TIMOTHY DOODLE.”

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper (No. 241.) upon the absence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable.

“ SIR,

“ Among the several ways of consolation which absent lovers make use of while their souls are in that state of departure, which you say is death in love,

there are some very material ones that have escaped your notice. Among these, the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of on this occasion with very good effect in most parts of her majesty's dominions. There are some, I know, who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same persons make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress's hair is plaited together very artificially in a kind of true lover's knot. As I have received great benefit from this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public, for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix to your consolations upon absence. And I am,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ T. B.”

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from an university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday's paper (No. 239.), wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

"SIR,

"This will give you to understand, that there is at present in the society, whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the meanwhile we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagem, and are resolved, by the first opportunity, to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes (c), whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation, ever since I came from school, of being a trusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out Greek colors at the head of your paper, and sometimes give a word of the enemy even in the body of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon the table, with that form of words which we make use of when we declare war upon an author,

*Gracum est, non potest legi.*

I give you this hint, that you may for the future abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

C

"TROILUS."

No. 246. WEDNESDAY, December 12, 1711.

BY STEELE.

— Οὐκ ἀρα σοι γέγονε παῖς ἡν ὑπὸ ποταμῷ Πηλεὺς  
 Οὐδὲ θεῖς μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἐτίκτε θάλασσα,  
 Πιτρὰς τ' ἡλιβαῖοι, οἳ τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

HOR. IL. 16. v. 33.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,  
 Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth :  
 Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm :  
 A soul well-suiting thy tempestuous kind,  
 So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind. POPE.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ **A**S your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you : for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even the care of children. I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general ; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humor. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavored to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing of children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and

give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honor nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what, by all the encouragement of money and presents, she is forced to ; like Æsop's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And, since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive ; and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humors and qualities of the nurse like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock ? Do not we observe that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind ? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed ; hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse. Hence Romulus and Remus were said to have been nursed by a wolf, Telephus, the son of Hercules, by a hind, Pelius, the son of Neptune, by a mare, and Ægisthus by a goat ; not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

“ Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved in-



clinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire, and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2. witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero the emperor's nurse had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Mero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood, to make Caligula take the better hold of them; which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his life time after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity: yet all these are not minded: Nay, it is easy to demonstrate that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c. merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child; and few nurses can be found in this town but what labor under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, Why she should be a nurse to other people's children? is answered, By her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock,

if duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best: whence proceed an ill-concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the blood, so is the milk, and hence I am very well assured proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of the many poor infants that may and will be saved, by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument, that the mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple; I will maintain, that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise: she will find it the greatest cure and preservative for the vapors and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever: her children will be like giants; whereas, otherwise they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit: and certainly if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards (*a*). It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

“ But I cannot well leave this subject yet; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther, when brought to

light and before her eyes, and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother.—Do not the very cruellest of brutes attend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? This earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen: but there are so very few, that I am sure in a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a-week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered), she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him, by pretending indisposition. This cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

T

“Sir, Your humble servant.”



No. 247. THURSDAY, December 13, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

—Τῶν δ' ἀκαμάτου; ρέει αὐδὴ  
 Ἐκ σωμαατῶν ἡδύς.

ÆSIOD.

Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour.

**W**E are told by some ancient authors, that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose

name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex; and I think the universities would do well to consider, whether they should not fill the rhetoric chairs with she-professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned, to the honor of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat; and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him be but present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions; a part of rhetoric in which Socrates's wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behavior of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a

month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place ; pitied her in another ; laughed at her in a third ; wondered at her in a fourth ; was angry with her in a fifth ; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence ; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighborhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance ; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action ; and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women ; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have been often puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts men have, but that they are necessitated to speak as everything they think ; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians, for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavored to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me, by the first opportunity, to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant ; or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread ; or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations ; or whether, in the last place, there may not be some certain undiscovered channels from the head and the heart to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency ; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse (*a*), which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a female orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the *wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable lines :

' I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues  
' Of aspen leaves are made.'

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

————— *Comprensam forcipe linguam*  
*Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima lingua.*  
*Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ ;*  
*Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ*  
*Palpitat*—————

MET. l. 6. v. 556.

' —————The blade had cut  
' Her tongue-sheer off, close to the trembling root :  
' The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,  
' Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound ;  
' And, as a serpent wreaths his wounded train,  
' Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain.' CROXAL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the Pippin woman, had not I some reason to look upon it as fabulous (*b*).

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of some disagreeable notes,

and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

C



No. 248. FRIDAY, December 14, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maxime opis indigeat ita ei potissimum opitulari.*

TULL.

It is a principal point of duty to assist another most when he stands most in need of assistance.

**T**HERE are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavor to be beneficial to society; and who, upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking: and it bears some spice of romantic madness for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in eve-



ry man's power in the world, who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial ; and there is no one above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men ; and he who does more than ordinary men practise, upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue ; and the man who does all he can in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behavior of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him, on a new-year's-day in the morning, the following letter :

“ HONORED BROTHER,

“ I enclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land : Had he lived until now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner ; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are. I am, Sir,

“ Your affectionate brother,

“ and humble servant, P. T.”

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the

same time gratifying their passion for glory ; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to a heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighborhood, to give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished ; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phyllis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest style in which it was sent.

“ SIR,

“ I have heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time ; and knowing you to be a man of great good-nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer, the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief ; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand

pounds ; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now to save an honest man whom I love.

“ Your friend and servant, W. S.”

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded (*a*). Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be an hard task for the greatest in Europe to give, in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader ; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a benchman of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expences at the charge of the society. One of our kings (*b*), said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty, walking *incog.* in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world. The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a plaudit without farther examination, upon recital of this article in them,

	l.   s.   d.
T   For making a man happy,	10 : 00 : 00.

No. 249. SATURDAY, December 15, 1711.

Τερος καιρος εν βροταις δεινος κακον. FRAG. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

**W**HEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable, that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have, in my forty-seventh paper, raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe, that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome on these words of the wise man, *I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul, and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering

the least beauty of their own. By this means these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world: but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy, in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behavior, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humor, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing, are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that

of the Dispensary ; or in doggerel, like that of Hudibras. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure ; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humor in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does ; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages ; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shews that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason, likewise, Venus has gained the title of *Φιλομυδης*, the laughter-loving dame, as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length.

‘ But come thou goddess, fair and free,  
‘ In heav’n yclep’d Euphrosyne,  
‘ And by men, heart-easing mirth,  
‘ Whom lovely Venus at a birth,  
‘ With two sister graces more,  
‘ To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore :  
‘ Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
‘ Jest and youthful jollity,

' Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
 ' Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles ;  
 ' Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 ' And love to live in dimple sleek :  
 ' Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
 ' *And laughter holding both his sides.*  
 ' Come, and trip it as you go  
 ' On the light fantastic toe :  
 ' And in thy right-hand lead with thee  
 ' The mountain nymph, sweet liberty ;  
 ' And if I give thee honor due,  
 ' Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 ' To live with her, and live with thee,  
 ' In unreprieved pleasures free.'

C

L' ALLEGRO, v. 11. &amp;c.



No. 250. MONDAY, December 17, 1711.

BY STEELE.

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus, ut si  
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit ; tamen aspice si quid  
 Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.*

HOR. EP. 17. l. 1. v. 3.

Yet hear what thy unskilful friend can say,  
 As if one blind pretends to shew the way ;  
 Yet see a while, if what is fairly shown  
 Be good, and such as you may make your own.

CREECH.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" **Y**OU see the nature of my request by the Latin  
 motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I  
 ought not to use many words to you, who are one of  
 but few ; but the following piece, as it relates to spe-  
 culation in propriety of speech, being a curiosity in  
 its kind, begs your patience. It was found in a



poetical virtuoso's closet among his rarities; and since the several treatises of thumbs, ears, and noses, have obliged the world, this of eyes is at your service.

“The first eye of consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible luminary of the universe. This glorious Spectator is said never to open his eyes at his rising in a morning, without having a whole kingdom of adorers in Persian silk, waiting at his levee. Millions of creatures derive their sight from this original, who, besides his being the great director of optics, is the surest test whether eyes be of the same species with that of an eagle or that of an owl; the one he emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act, or plead before the faces of a numerous assembly; the other he dazzles out of countenance into a sheepish dejectedness. The sun-proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and without blinking at the lustre of beauty, can distribute an eye of proper complaisance to a room crowded with company, each of which ~~deserves particular~~ regard: while the other sneaks from conversation like a fearful debtor, who never dares to look out but when he can see nobody and nobody him.

“The next instance of optics is the famous Argus, who (to speak the language of Cambridge) was one of a hundred; and, being used as a spy in the affairs of jealousy, was obliged to have all his eyes about him. We have no account of the particular colors, casts, and turns of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his mistress Juno, it is probable he used all the modern leers, sly glances, and other ocular activities to serve his purpose. Some look upon him as the then king at arms to the heathenish deities; and make no more of his eyes than of so many spangles of his herald's coat.

"The next upon the optic list is old Janus, who stood in a double-sighted capacity, like a person placed betwixt two opposite looking-glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective cast at one view. Copies of this double-faced way are not yet out of fashion with many professions, and the ingenious artists pretend to keep up this species by double-headed canes and spoons (*a*) ; but there is no mark of this faculty except in the emblematical way of a wise general having an eye to both front and rear, or a pious man taking a review and prospect of his past and future state at the same time.

"I must own, that the names, colors, qualities, and turns of eyes vary almost in every head ; for, not to mention the common appellations of the black, the blue, the white, the grey, and the like ; the most remarkable are those that borrow their titles from animals, by virtue of some particular quality of resemblance they bear to the eyes of the respective creatures ; as that of a greedy rapacious aspect takes its name from the cat, that of a sharp piercing nature from the hawk, those of an amorous roguish look derive their title even from the sheep : and we say such an one has a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence as the simple slyness of the cast : nor is this metaphorical inoculation a modern invention, for we find Homer taking the freedom to place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in one of his principal goddesses, by that frequent expression of

"Βοῶπις ὡκυμένη" *Heu*——

"The ox-ey'd venerable Juno."

"Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that fine part of our constitution seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations as the mind itself ; at least it is the out-

ward portal to introduce them to the house within ; or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out ; love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. I know a young lady that cannot see a certain gentleman pass by, without shewing a secret desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eye-balls ; nay, she cannot for the heart of her help looking half a street's length after any man in a gay dress. You cannot behold a covetous spirit walk by a goldsmith's shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty person shew the temper of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye ? and how frequently in the height of passion does that moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a redness and quick flashes of lightning, and make all its humors sparkle with fire, as Virgil finely describes it,

*'Ardentis ab ore*

*'Scintille assistunt : oculis micat acribus ignis.*

*Æneid. 12. v. 101.*

“ ———From his wide nostrils flies

“ A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes.” **DAYDEN.**

“ As for the various turns of the eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole leer, I shall not enter into a very particular account of them ; but let me observe, that oblique vision, when natural, was anciently the mark of bewitchery and magical fascination, and to this day it is a malignant ill-look ; but when it is forced and affected, it carries a wanton design, and in play-houses and other public places, this ocular intimation is often an assignation for bad practices : but this irregularity in vision, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumspective roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, must be put in the class of heteroptics, as all

wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of heterodox. All the pernicious applications of sight are more immediately under the direction of a *Spectator*; and I hope you will arm your readers against the mischiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend, T. B (b)."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You professed in several papers your particular endeavors in the province of *Spectator*, to correct the offences committed by starers, who disturb whole assemblies without any regard to time, place, or modesty. You complained also, that a starrer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient mechanical way, which may easily prevent or correct staring, by an optical contrivance of new perspective glasses, short and commodious like opera-glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others, these glasses making the objects appear either as they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than life, or bigger and nearer. A person may, by the help of this invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of staring; at the same time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left hand, when he is supposed to look forwards; this is set forth at large in the printed proposals for the sale of these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's, in Long-Acre, next door to the White-Hart. Now, Sir, as your *Spectator* has occasioned the publishing of this invention for the benefit of modest spectators, the inventor desires

your admonitions concerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that, for the future, beauty may be beheld without the torture and confusion which it suffers from the insolence of stars. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an insult which there is no law to punish, though it is a greater offence than many which are within the cognizance of justice (c).

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

Q

"ABRAHAM SPI."



No. 251. TUESDAY, December 18, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

— *Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,*

*Ferrea vox.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 625.

— A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,

And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the *cries of London*. My good friend, Sir Roger, often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, *Will Honeycomb* calls them the *Ramage de la ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing farther of it.

"SIR,

"I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my hand to any thing for an honest live-

lihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me forsooth as a crack and a projector ; so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposal to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me an handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

“ The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London-cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

“ The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together with the twanging of a brass-kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sow-gelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

“ Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not

comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *Ela*, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch ; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble ; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares ; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply the old proverb of *Much cry, but little wool*.

“ Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived : but, what was the effect of this contract ? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

“ It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire ; yet, this is generally the case : a bloody battle alarms the town from

one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise, I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former; the cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own;



such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff (*a.*); and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of *Powder-Wat*.

“I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words: insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country-boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that *work if I had it* should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

“Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tunable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandizes in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for

this post ; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less contribute to the emolument of the public. I am,

“ Sir, &c.

“ RALPH CROTCHET.”



No. 252. WEDNESDAY, December 19, 1711.

BY STEELE. From the Letter-box.

*Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.*

VIRG. *Æn.* 2. v. 570.

Exploring every place with curious eye.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I AM very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye, (No. 250) that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and source of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you : do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men ; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there ; that a kind look imparts all that a year’s discourse could give you in one moment. What matters it what she says to you ? See how she looks, is the language of all who know what love is. When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you ne-

ver observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you never see the attendance of years paid, over-paid, in an instant? You a *Spectator*, and not know that the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her hand, and say, *I do*, with a languishing air to the man she is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary reasons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed in what we call the marriage-ceremony. Do you never go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to see from those who come to be seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observation a little; therefore, if you or your correspondent had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have told you that the eye of Leonora is slyly watchful while it looks negligent: she looks round her without the help of the glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employed on objects directly before her. This eye is what affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its charms against an ogler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premeditated murder, but the design being visible, destroys the execution of it; and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye has been the death of more than ever her father made fly before him \*. A beautiful eye makes silence elo-

\* The Duke of Marlborough's second daughter.

quent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us ; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part, that is to say, every other part will be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not conversed by glances. This, Sir, is a language, in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honor to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper. I am, Sir,

“ Your faithful friend,

“ MARY HEARTFREE.”

“ DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

“ I have a sot of a husband that lives a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries ; and is immovable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether, in some cases, a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator.

“ Your humble servant,

“ BARBARA CRABTREE.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Though I am a practitioner in the law, of some standing, and have heard many eminent pleaders in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men,

and believe this is to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongue; but what do you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an insipid discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric which men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion with good success. You must know I am a plain man, and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in this way, that she draws from me what sum she pleases. Every room in my house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence, rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my great parlor, you would fancy yourself in an India ware-house: besides this, she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the subscriptions to a new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen any woman there in finer clothes than herself: these are arts of persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of you is, to prevail with your friend who has promised to dissect a female tongue, that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and explain the springs and sluices which feed it with such ready supplies of moisture: and likewise show by what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable expence: or, indeed, since there is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on trifles, or

employed as servants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

"I am, &c."\*

\* By Mr. Hughes.



No. 253. THURSDAY, December 20, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Indignor quiesquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.*

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 75.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new. POPE.

**T**HERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavor to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if

he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed, all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But, at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius, and Mævius, were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candor and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works :

- ' But whither am I stray'd ? I need not raise
- ' Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise :
- ' Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
- ' Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
- ' Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
- ' Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.'

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some months since, and is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical re-

gularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine-writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expression and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics, who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.



Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them ; I cannot but take notice, that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses.

- ' These *equal syllables* alone require,
- ' Though oft the ear the *open vowels* tire,
- ' While *expletives* their feeble aid *do* join,
- ' And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

- ' A *needless Alexandrine* ends the song,
  - ' That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.'
- And afterwards,
- ' 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
  - ' The sound must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.
  - ' *Soft* is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
  - ' And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers* flows :
  - ' But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
  - ' The *hoarse rough verse* should like the *torrent* rore.
  - ' When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
  - ' The line too *labours* and the words move *slow* :
  - ' Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
  - ' Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.'

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a description in Homer's Odyssey, which none of the critics have taken notice

of. It is when Sisyphus is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. The double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several *spondees*, intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of *dactyls*.

Και μὴν Σίσυφον ἠΐθδον, κρατερὸν ἀλγεῖ εἶχοντα,

Δαίαν βαρύνοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν.

Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκολιπτομενὸς χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε.

Δαίαν ἀνω ὠθεῖσκε ποτὶ λοφὸν ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι

Ἀχρὸν ὑπερβαλεῖν, τοτ' ἀποσρεψάσκε Κραταῖς.

Αὐτὶς ἐπὶ τὰ πῆδονδε κυλινδετο λαῶς ἀναιδὲς. Odyss. l. 11.

' I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd, survey'd

' (A mournful vision ! ) the Sisyphian shade :

' With many a weary step, and many a groan,

' Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone :

' The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,

' Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the  
' ground.' POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper, to show several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind; the essay on translated verse, the essay on the art of poetry, and the essay upon criticism.

No. 254. FRIDAY, December 21, 1711.

BY STEELE.

Σεμνος εως αρετης, ο δε κυτειδος αχος οφελλει.

On love of virtue reverence attends !

But sensual pleasure in our ruin ends.

**W**HEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. The first of the following letters may best represent the faults I would now point at ; and the answer to it, the temper of mind in a contrary character.

“ MY DEAR HARRIOT,

“ If thou art she : but oh how fallen ! how changed ! what an apostate ! how lost to all that’s gay and agreeable ! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive ; I cannot conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chamber-maid. For variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

“ Blest solitude ! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade

me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described : but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels ; after six months marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scene so softly, is a little extravagant ; one would think you lived the lives of Sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of Paradise, like the first happy pair. But, pr'ythee, leave these whimsies, and come to town, in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice, at your first appearance under the character of a married woman : 'tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron ; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's Park together : if you presume to enter the ring at Hyde Park together (No. 88.), you are ruined for ever ; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the play-house or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation : she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world ; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers ; she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly as to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives much brighter examples. I wish it may never come

into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as to come into public in the habit as well as air of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea table ; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence : she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you ; but, she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour, to transform him to a mere sober husband ; 'twas unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

“ Your humble servant,

“ LYDIA.”

“ Be not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town ; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, 'tis all hypocrisy ; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, show yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There's no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honorable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

“ I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love ; he is the end of every care I have ; if I dress it is for him ; if I read a poem or play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste : he is almost the end of my devotions ; half my prayers are for his happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness : but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got

into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper; matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: she is a discreet, ingenuous, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish: you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age. I am, Madam,

“Your most humble servant,

“MARY HOME.”

“DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

“You have no goodness in the world, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this: I happened some days past to be at the play, where, during the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who, I have been since informed, has no fortune. I would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other way.—My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her,

that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy advice to, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant.”

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman, but by another question.

“ DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

“ Would you marry to please other people or yourself?”

T

No. 255. SATURDAY, December 22, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

*Laudis amore tumes ! sunt certa picula, quæ te  
Ter pure, lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 36.

IMITATED.

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore in its passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honor and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should

be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now, since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men.— And such a principle is ambition, or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men, over-reached as it were, and engaged, contrary to their natural inclinations, in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it; whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind! Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us



defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

“And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders ! Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action ; others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention ; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But, the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust’s remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind is more apt to show itself), they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others, who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays

the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastic recitals of his own performance : his discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand ; and, as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured, when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly, we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations : as, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this

common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

C



No. 256. MONDAY, December 24, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

Φημι γαρ τε κακη πελεται κωφη μεν ανρας  
Ρηα μαλ', αργαλεη δε φερειν.

HES.

Desire of fame by various ways is crost ;  
Hard to be gain'd, and easy to be lost.

**T**HERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his

equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeseerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavor to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals, envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are, who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves: for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own

commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation; though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and

that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character : or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behavior and conversation ; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation ; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed.— The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them ; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities, as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals, by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behavior ?

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendor. There must be always a double train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion ; for when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to his view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labor under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him ; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit : and yet, if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would still be the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought : it is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest : but fame is a good so whol-

ly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure; but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprizes. For how few ambitious men are there who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, "That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame." *Se satis vel ad naturam vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame; but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyment of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have not such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do, unless increased by flattery, since few men



have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For, though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us; but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is

so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but we are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praises. C



No. 257. TUESDAY, December 25, 1711.

BY ADDISON.

Οὐχ ἔνθα Διὸς  
Ὀφθαλμοὶ εἶγυς δ' ἐστὶ καὶ παρῶν πόνων. Incert ex Stob.

No slumber steals the eye of Providence,  
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

**T**HAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have, first of all, considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action (No. 255.) I have, in the next place, shewn from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, That it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction (No. 256.) I shall, in the last place, shew, That it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end, that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations.

*First*, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

*Secondly*, Because many of those actions which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

*Thirdly*, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments both of acquiring fame and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being besides the Supreme; and that for these two reasons, Because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and, Because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behavior: but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature

are incapable of any outward representation ; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others ; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man ; that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition ; that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good ; that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another ? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty, obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor, lie concealed in the flourishing time of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity ; some in a private and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do : He views our behavior in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action ; he discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the

opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolor and pervert the object: so that upon this account also, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues; and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good

habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions ; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it ; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles ; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And, as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it ?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way ; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and pos-

sesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce, to him in the presence of the whole creation, that best and most significant of applauses, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.'



No. 258. WEDNESDAY, December 26, 1711.

From the Letter-box.

*Divide et impera.*

Divide and rule.

**P**LEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labor. Where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction, with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and music. My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns those arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry; and the other comes from three persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of music.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in your's of the 18th instant, and am in no small hopes of being settled in the post of *Comptroller of the cries*. Of all the objections I have hearkened after in public coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any weight with it, viz. That such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my bow; in case that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since formed another project, which, being grounded on the dividing of a present monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the business of the stage is, as the Latin has it, *Jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ*. Now, there being but one dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from Covent Garden, that another *Theatre of ease* may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming to an union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer Kitt Crotchet (*a*), whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. 'Twas obvious to every spectator what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever; he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must



confess it is with a melancholy amazement, I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become its masters ; dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities that they are not able themselves to shine in.

“ Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to have either wit or understanding ; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short sir, I would have something *done* as well as *said* on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception : for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits, or nimble fellows, I would fain ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-masters, appear again on our stage ? After such a representation a five bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting. Sir, these things cry loud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of *Spectator-general*. But how indeed should it be otherwise, (while fellows that for twenty years together were never paid but as their master was in the humor) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their lives ; and in contempt of the practice of persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all I propose is the public good ; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private shilling by it ; therefore I hope you will recommend this matter in one of your this week’s papers, and desire when my house opens you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have received from, Sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ RALPH CROTCHET.”

“ P. S. I have assurances that the trunk-maker will declare for us.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ We whose names are subscribed, think you the properest person to signify what we have to offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art which we profess, *Music*. We conceive hopes of your favor from the speculations on the mistakes which the town run into with regard to their pleasures of this kind ; and believing your method of judging is, that you consider music only valuable as it is agreeable to, and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that that is not only the true way of relishing that pleasure, but also that without it a composure of music is the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical numbers are observed, tho’ the words have no sense or meaning ; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds are in our art no other than nonsense verses are in poetry. Music therefore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry ; it must always have some passion or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any other organs of sound, afford any entertainment very little above the rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his studies in Italy, and brought over the opera of *Arsinoë*, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honor to be well known and received among the nobility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist, by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the Italian music grafted upon English poetry. For this end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities promoted the introduction of *Arsinoë*, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper

to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is that, without regard to our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your papers, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of music for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in York-Buildings. What we promise ourselves is, to make a subscription of two guineas for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as the instrumental music for each night; the money to be paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit, by our joint force and different qualifications, all that can be done in music; but lest you should think so dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy your paper which generally contains something of public use, give us leave to say, that favoring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled notions of what is music, at recovering from neglect and want very many families who depend upon it, at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in England to learn the language of it, as we ourselves have done; and not be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn theirs. In a word, Mr. *Spectator*, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this undertaking in such a manner, that

all Englishmen who have any skill in music may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion by what new things we shall produce; never pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a science is not attainable by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it; we say, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost diligence recommending ourselves. We are, sir,

“ Your most humble servants,

“ THOMAS CLAYTON,

“ NICOLINO HAYM,

T

“ CHARLES DIEUPART, (*b*).”



# APPENDIX.



## NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

### No. 188.

(a)——Tollat sua munera cerdo :

Tecum habita——

Pers. Sat. iv. § 51.

(b) Bacon's Apoth. III. 291.

### No. 189.

(a) See *Le Compte's* present state of China.

### No. 190.

(a) Far superior to this, because more conducive to the interests of virtue, and benefit of the community, are our two late excellent foundations of the *Magdalen-House*, and the *Asylum*; The one for the reception of penitent prostitutes, the other of young deserted girls: The one to rescue wretched females from the horrid slavery of habitual vice, the other to intercept them from falling into it. The erection of these two hospitals was an honor reserved for the year M,DCC,LVIII. Had the Founders lived in the days of the *Spectator*, they would doubtless have received the noblest approbation in the body of this work; the editor therefore could not help paying them this small tribute of respect in the margin. P.

(b) This is doubtless a fling at Mr. Secretary St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, who was in his youth a noted rake, especially with regard to women: and who, during his ministry, was known to divide his hours between the cares of his office and the dissipation of a brothel.

### No. 191.

(a) See Bayle's Dict. Art. *Mahomet*.

(b) In the year 1704 a bill was brought into the House of Commons against Occasional Conformity; and in order to make it pass through the House of Lords, it was proposed to tack it to a money-bill. This occasioned warm debates, and at length it was put to the vote; when 134 were for tacking; but a large majority being against it, the motion was over-ruled, and the bill miscarried.

(c) Rev. Ch. xiii. v. 18.

### No. 192.

(a) By the *Cornelii* above, the *Spectator* is supposed to mean the family of the Eyles's, merchants of distinction: of whom Francis Eyles, Esq. the father, who was a Director of the East-India Company, and Alderman of London, was created a Ba-

ronet, 1 Geo. 1. His eldest surviving son, Sir John Eyles, Bart. was afterwards Lord Mayor in 1727; and another of his sons, Sir Joseph Eyles, Knt. was Sheriff of London in 1728.

## No. 193.

(a) Foretelling at what hour any event might be expected to happen, or any business be most successfully performed; what times were fortunate or unlucky, &c.

(b) The preceding paragraph seems to be a sheer on two great heads of the Tory ministry, whose levees about this time were exceedingly crowded: viz. Robert Harley, who was then newly made Earl of Oxford and Lord High Treasurer; and the Duke of Ormond, who was soon after appointed Captain General. Certain it is, that Lord Oxford was remarkable close and mysterious, and Ormond no less unreserved and open.

The Duke of Marlborough is said to have received his visitors in the unceremonious way of military men, and to have dressed and changed his linen at his levee. P.

(c) *Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa.*

Fortuna—

*Juv. viii. 73.*

(d) It is recorded of the celebrated John de Wits, that being asked how he contrived to dispatch so much business, answered, that he did it merely by only doing *one thing* at a time.

## No. 194.

(a) The following letter was probably written by Steele in allusion to his own domestic condition, and for the benefit of his wife, Mrs. Scurlock, or, as he commonly calls her, Mrs. Prue. See Steele's Letters, Vol. 1. passim.

## No. 195.

(a) *Diog. Laert. vit. philosop. l. vi. c. 2. n. 6.:*

(b) ——— in *vit. Socratis.*

## No. 198.

(a) Emma was the mother of King Edward the Confessor, and being suspected of unchastity was, as a trial of her innocence, made to walk hood-winked and barefoot over nine red-hot ploughshares. This, which was called the Ordeal-trial, Emma is said to have performed unhurt. See Bayle's Dict. Art. *Emma.* P.

## No. 199.

(a) A celebrated name in Mademoiselle Scudery's *Romance of the grand Cyrus.*

## No. 200.

(a) See No. 130.—That letter was writ by the same hand as this speculation. Why the writer speaks of it in this manner, was probably the better to conceal himself. Mr. Martin was famous for his skill in Political Arithmetic. P.

## No. 201.

(a) *Noctes Atticæ, Lib. iv. c. 9.*

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### No. 204.

(a) The Portuguese word *Saudates*, here inaccurately written *Sothades*, signifies, The most refined, most tender, and ardent desires for something absent, accompanied with a solicitude and anxious regard, which cannot be expressed by one word in any other language.

(b) By Congreve, see Act. 1. § 3.

(a) The person to whom this letter is addressed was generally believed to be Col. Rivers, at the time when this paper was first published.

### No. 205.

(a) Alluding to the character so named in Shakespeare's *Othello*.

### No. 207.

(a) *Iliad* 8. v. 548. (b) *Il.* 5. l. 127. (c) *St. John* c. xi. v. 49.

(d) *Luke* xxii. v. 42. *Mat.* xxvi. v. 39.

### No. 210.

(c) This is taken from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, v. 225.

### No. 211.

(a) *Lib.* 1. Ode xvi.

"'Tis said, when Japhet's son began  
"To mould the clay, and fashion man,  
"He stole from every beast a part,  
"And fix'd the Lion in his heart."

(b) Steele seems to have thought his wife a Bee, but she was certainly of the Grimalkin family. See Steel's "Letters," Vol. 1. ubique. Addison's was an Oceana, but he was at this time unmarried.

"The Spectators (says Swift, Nov. 1. 1711) are printing in a larger and a smaller volume, so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written." Swift had no intimacy at this time with Addison or Steele, and knew nothing of what he said as appears from the sequel of the Spectator.

### No. 213.

(a) *Splendida peccata.* (b) *Rom.* vii. 13.

(c) *Cor.* x. 31. (d) *Psal.* cxxxix. 2, 3. (e) *Gen.* v. 22. and 6. 9.

### No. 214.

(a) As the keeping of pages was a piece of state that seems now to be disused by our nobility, a short account of this diminutive order of attendants may not be unacceptable. They were generally the sons of the inferior gentry, who were taken very young into the families of their lords, where they were considered upon a very reputable footing. They wore a livery of the same colors as the footmen, but of richer materials; as



gold and silver lace, where the others had worsted, silk instead of cloth, &c. They were the immediate attendants on their lord's person, to whom they delivered all letters, messages ; no inferior servant being suffered to approach him : at table they stood behind his chair, and presented him with the cup, plate, &c. which they received at the hands of the footmen. In return, their lord took care of their education ; and when they grew up towards manhood (at which time they were supposed to be superannuated for this office) he was expected to provide for them genteelly.

(b) The Spectator has not justly represented here the gods of Epicurus : they were supposed to be indolent and uninterested in the affairs of men, but not malignant or cruel beings.

## No. 219.

(a) Vid. Epict. Enchirid. c. 23.

(b) Wisd. Ch. v. 1, —5.

(c) Ch. v. 8, —14.

## No. 220.

(a) This is no fiction of the Spectator's, as might naturally be imagined. There was a projector of this kind, named John Peter, who published a very thin pamphlet in 8vo, intitled "Artificial Versifying, a new way to make Latin Verses, Lond. 1678." I believe it is a plan of his scheme which is given in Nat. Bailey's Dictionary, folio, under the word Hexameter. P.

(c) George Villiers, author of the Rehearsal, who died in 1687. Dean Swift seems to have borrowed from hence his wooden engine for making books in Gulliver's Travels. Pt. 3. Ch. 5.

## No. 221.

(a) Aristotle, or as some think Diogenes.

(b) A noted charm for agues ; said to have been invented by Basilides, an heretic of the second century, who taught that very sublime mysteries were contained in the number 365, (viz. not only the days of the year, but the different orders of celestial beings, &c.) to which number the Hebrew letters that compose the word Abracadabra are said to amount.

(c) Stanley's lives of the Philosophers, p. 527. fol. edit.

(d) It seems the word Adam signifies in the Hebrew language, Man ; Sheth signifies Placed ; and Enoch, Misery ; Hence this profound Doctor (to use the words of the Historian referred to) "mined for a mystical meaning," and dug out this moral inference, that "Man is placed in misery or pain." See Fuller's Worthies of Suffolk, p. 70. F

## No. 222.

(a) See No. 162.

## No. 223.

(a) "In applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædras contained in this motto, Mr. Addison has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that per-

haps ever was made from any classic author." Ess. on the Genius of Pope.

(b) Ambrose Philips—The author of the "Essay on the Writings of Pope" thinks both this and Philips's other translation in No. 229. were revised and altered by Addison himself.——The winter-piece may be seen in Tatler, Vol. I. No. 12. and See Spect. Vol. V. No. 366.

(c) Dion. Halicar. De Structura Orationis, p. 202. See No. 229.

No. 225.

(a) The meaning is "A wise man thinks all that he says, and a fool says all that he thinks."

(b) Eccl. vi. 9.—xxvii. 17. (c) Wisdom of Sol. Ch. vi. v. 12.

No. 226.

(a) "Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me."

Letter of Swift to Mrs. Johnson, dated Nov. 18. 1711.

(b) This speculation was written with the generous design of promoting a subscription just then set on foot for having the Cartoons of Raphael copied and engraved by Signior Nicola Dorigny, who had been invited over from Rome by several of the nobility, and to whom the queen had given her licence for that purpose. In his proposals (printed at the end of some of the original Spectators) this artist offers to deliver eight plates, nineteen inches high, and from twenty-five or thirty inches long, for four guineas subscription: although, he says, the prints of Alexander's Battles after Le-Brun, being but five in number, are frequently sold for twenty guineas, &c.

No. 228.

(a) When the Spectator wrote, large full bottomed wigs were worn by all men of fashion. They seem to have answered the high commodos mentioned in Vol. II. No. 98. It is said those long perukes were the invention of a French barber, whose name was Duviller, in order to conceal a deformity in the shoulder either of the Dauphin or the duke of Burgundy; hence they were likewise called Duvillers.

There was also a sort of peruke in fashion at that time called Night-cap-wigs, which had short tyes with very small close round heads.—These however are not meant in the text, but simply night-caps. See Tatler with notes, No. 26. and note.

No. 229.

(b) It is wanting in the old copies, and has been supplied by conjecture as above. But in a curious edition of Catullus, published at Venice in 1738, said to be printed from an ancient MS. newly discovered, this line is given thus.——"Voce loquendum."

No. 231.

(a) Mrs. Barber. See a curious account of this lady 'in Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music." Vol. v. p. 156.

(b) This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes.

(c) Iliad i. 225.

No. 234.

(a) The person here alluded to, was probably Mr. Toland, who is said by the Examiner to have been the Butt of the Tatler and Spectator. Mr. Toland wrote about this time under the patronage of Lord Oxford. See Biog. Brit. Art. *Toland*.

No. 235.

(a) Thomas Dogget, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint manager of the play-house with Wilkes and Colley Cibber; of whom the reader may find a particular account in Colley's "Apology for his own Life." 8vo.

No. 237.

(a) Vid. Sen. De Constantia Sapientis.

No. 238.

(b) Comedy of the Plain Dealer, by Wycherley.

(c) By Tom Brown and others.

No. 239.

(a) The followers of Duns Scotus, a celebrated Doctor of the schools, who flourished about the year 1300, and from his opposing some favourite doctrines of Thomas Aquinas, gave rise to a new party called the Scotists, in opposition to the Thomists, or followers of the other. P.

(b) The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a famous logician of the 16th century, whose works were long admired in the schools even of Protestant Universities, though he himself was a popish Jesuit. P.

(c) Louis XIV. of France.

(d) Part II. c. 1. v. 297. See also, No. 145.

(e) The author quoted is And. Ammonius, Bayle's Dict.

(f) A *forites* is a heap of propositions without order.

No. 240.

(a) Different scenes in the play of Philaster.

(b) In the play-bills about this time, there was this clause, "By her majesty's command no person to be admitted behind the scenes."

No. 243.

(b) Alluding to the popular cry of those times, that "the church was in danger," artfully made use of by the leaders of one party to effect the downfall of the other. P.

No. 245.

(a) The Minorite Friars of the order of St. Francis, are so called from a cord, which they wear by way of girdle.

(b) A play, in which one covers his eyes, lays his hand upon his back, and guesses who strikes it. The French call it *La main chaude*. P.

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(c) The noted Greek Professor of the University of Cambridge.

No. 246.

(a) See Dr. Gregory's Comparative View of "the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," Discourse I. London, 1766. 12mo.

No. 247.

(a) Part III. Canton 2. ver, 443.

—Still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

(b) This is a fine stroke of humor, after having admitted Ovid's Tale of Philomel without any objections to its veracity. The story here referred to, is of an Apple-woman, who, when the Thames was frozen over, was said to have her head cut off by the ice : It is humorously told in Gay's Trivia.

"The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,

"Her head chopt off from her lost shoulders flies.

"Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,

"And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds."

Book II. v. 375, &c. P.

No. 248.

(a) See Montaigne's Essays, V. I. p. 335.

(b) This is said to have been the late noted Beau Nash, so long director of the public diversions at Bath and Tunbridge, &c. who was in King William's time a student in the Temple. See the Memoirs of his Life, published for Mr. Newberry, in 8vo ; of which book it is now well known that the author was the late ingenious Dr. Goldsmith.

No. 250.

(a) Alluding to the old-fashioned spoons, which had commonly ornamented figures carved on the handles, as a double face, one of the twelve Apostles, &c. &c.

(b) This letter is said to have been written by a Mr. Golding.

(c) The optical glass here mentioned is very common and very contemptible.

No. 251.

(a) This little man was but just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sang in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name, Colly Molly-Puff. There is a half-sheet print of him in the "Set of London Cries," M. Lauron del. P. Tempest, exc. Granger's "Biographical History of England."

No. 258.

(a) This was one Christopher Rich, mentioned in Tatler No. 99.

(b) Three musicians who furnished operas for the musical entertainments at York Buildings, and with whom Steele was concerned.

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